

# Catholic Digest

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Vol. 5

DECEMBER, 1940

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# CATHOLIC READERS' DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

In the days of the Lord shall abundance of peace spring up, and He shall rule. Truth is sprung out of the earth, and justice hath looked down from heaven. Thou art beautiful above the sons of men. Grace is poured abroad in Thy lips.

From the Office of Christmas.

## THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

55 E. TENTH STREET

ST. PAUL  
MINNESOTA



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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and upon non-Catholic magazines as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic magazines. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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Editor: Paul Bussard

Managing Editor: Louis A. Gales

Assistant Editors: Francis B. Thornton, Kenneth Ryan, Edward A. Harrigan

Business Manager: Edward F. Jennings

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## This Good-Neighbor Business

Out of step

By MARY P. HOLLERAN

Condensed from the *Catholic Transcript*\*

I am a tourist returned from South America which now is destined to be looked at and written about by all and sundry. The North American brand of neighborliness as applied to the southern continent has not yet stood many actual tests.

We have been learning the necessity of making bilateral interpretations of the Monroe Doctrine. We must before very long learn that no unilateral interpretation of good neighborliness is going to satisfy 20 republics of the 21 in the Americas. Nations can be good friends only when their respective peoples understand each other. Any understanding must be mutual and based fundamentally on good manners. The North American manner (or the lack of it) seems always to imply a superiority put into expressions like these: "How terribly quaint!" "My dear, did you ever see such black faces?" And

to a Brazilian guide of brownish hue: "Are most of the people down here colored?" And to a waiter: "Is the water in this hotel fit to drink?" Or, "Watch your pocketbooks, you just never can tell what may happen in these places!" All these remarks and thousands more are uttered in very loud voices by our own citizens who have been exposed (God help us all!) to what we have been pleased to call the benefits of superior education.

The Spanish and Portuguese backgrounds of our southern neighbors, whether they be Brazilian, Argentinian, Uruguayan or otherwise, have furnished them with a delightful and unfailing courtesy. Hugh Gibson notes it in his entertaining book on Rio: "It is not a courtesy made up of words and forms alone, as you will see if you watch the crowds outside the doors of the Jockey Club or one of the big

\*Hartford, Conn. Oct. 17, 1940.

hotels. Here vendors of lottery tickets and matches and occasional beggars are importunate to a degree that would arouse resentment anywhere. It might even evoke explosions of temper or calls for the police. But you will watch in vain for signs of bad temper or courtesy. If in the streets you see a man refuse to give something to a beggar, the chances are he does so with a smile and excuses himself." The well-to-do and educated possess a delightful formality and reserve, so much so that when you are fortunate enough to break through to friendliness you are convinced it really has meaning.

Let me not forget to mention some of our professional good-will gestures. I had first-hand experience with one of them. I traveled well over 7,000 miles with a symphony orchestra that gave concerts in various South American cities. No disparagement of ability is intended. Musical harmony was achieved. But it seems a dangerous and expensive procedure to gather over 100 youths whose only qualification for the spread of international good will was exceptionally powerful wind and apparent conviction that they owned the earth. Music may be a universal language but South Americans understand other media of communication.

It was gratifying for one who has become resigned, if not accustomed, to having doors slammed in one's face, and being pushed about by student hordes dashing from here to there in

blind, unthinking hurry—gratifying to be for a while with people who have plenty of time to be courteous, who compliment themselves rather naively and indirectly by referring to all their friends as *distingua, cultura, or estimada*.

Again, neighbors must know and understand each other's temperaments, racial characteristics, and religious affiliations. Indeed, the only way for individuals or governments to make progress on important policies is to recognize existing conditions and not ignore, sidestep or hush-hush them. The Latin American countries are traditionally Catholic. It is true, as they themselves admit, they sometimes do not work very hard at it, but the basic possession is theirs. It made me unpleasantly ill to realize in instance after instance that there was a linking of the idea of Americanism (northern variety) with methodical Protestant proselytizing. Every boat and many of the planes are carrying back and forth ministers, social workers and exchange students from and to Radcliffe, Leland Stanford and Johns Hopkins. (I met many.) They are prattling of the "awakening social consciousness" in South America. The tag seemed to be an intended slam at my own Church affiliation.

I would not be misunderstood; I give every one credit for wanting to be helpful, but I contend still more firmly that the North American public

has many gaps in understanding the practical problems and difficulties of the Catholic Church in Latin America. When human beings are dealing with mixtures of Portuguese and Indian blood, or mixtures of Negro and Indian, contending with tropical climates and natural barriers, in addition to fighting all forms of human frailties, it would seem that really good neighbors would study carefully and proceed cautiously before indicting or ignoring the oldest religious institution in the New World.

Catholics in the U. S. have a special obligation and responsibility to the Latin Americans. It is a fundamental principle of philosophy that you cannot love what you do not know. We must learn about these other Catholic peoples, about their customs, history, social life, economic and political problems; not least of all we must know their great achievements and the great accomplishments of our Church. I cannot understand how North Americans can gaze at beautiful cathedrals, homes, parks, planned cities, monuments, ex-

quisite handiwork and art and then say, "You must not expect too much of these poor things. They are just beginning to be socially conscious: after all, they have had to start from scratch."

Catholic Action organizations must include in their programs a study of our own peoples to the south. In addition, we should lend more support to the Catholic missionaries, teachers, nurses and others, who so badly need help for their projects. We should see to it that their young people who come to the North for education should be found in increasing numbers in our own schools and universities. Dr. Edwin Ryan, chairman of the Ibero-American Institute at Catholic University and Dr. Martin R. P. McGuire spent this summer working hard in the various countries to make contacts for exchange students. Which reminds me: Put on your "must read" list Dr. Ryan's excellent pioneer work, *The Church in the South American Republics*. It is a masterpiece of absolutely fair writing.



One day in a busy part of Rio de Janeiro we sat waiting for the traffic light to change. Just as it changed and our car was put in motion, a new car lurched crazily against the light, scraped the fronts of several other cars and sideswiped one standing at the curb before it was brought to a stop. All eyes turned with a puzzled expression toward the offending car; a tousled head was thrust out the window and a voice called, "Please forgive me. This is the first time I have ever driven."

The incident ended in a gust of laughter.

From *Rio* by Hugh Gibson (Doubleday, Doran, 1937).

# The New Metropolitan (Inc.)

By DORAN FOX

You don't need ermine

Condensed from the *Caravan*\*

**Last season** the citizens of the U. S. from Maine to Monterey sent in their \$1 and \$2 contributions to enable the present stewards to purchase the Metropolitan with \$1 million and thus insure the weekly broadcasts and auditions of the air. It is now a "public enterprise" furnishing joy and intellectual food to over 40 million people each week. Each department head in the new Met is a citizen of the U. S. and the total personnel is about 68% Catholic.

The Metropolitan Opera Association certainly started off on its right foot last Dec. 2. It broke from embryo with one of the grandest contributions the stalwart old composer Verdi ever gave to the operatic world, *The Masked Ball*. Here is a score that contains everything that the new addict to the field of the lyric drama can revel in.

But *The Masked Ball* is not the last of the productions which the new trio of Americans, Messrs. Johnson, Ziegler and Lewis are going to revive anew to present to those who are slowly becoming rabid opera fans. Right through the repertoire the season is studded with surprises. A feeling of lightness resounds and it is high time. The revival of Donizetti's *Daughter of the Regiment* for Lily Pons and *Don Pas-*

*quale* bespeak fun and romping on the solid old stage. An arrangement of *The Bartered Bride* has been made in English so that the brave Czechs will not have to put up with the indignity of once more having their national folk opera sung in the language of the invaders who have taken their land.

Today the performances of opera in the U. S. reach a class of subscribers that has hardly been touched by the opera before. They are a cross section of our citizenry who have loved the melodies of Franz Lehár and Victor Herbert and have been caught in the upward surge of a musically minded young nation trying to create a musical lore of its own.

Those who were responsible for the building up of the patronage of the first temple of song took a leaf from Hollywood a few years back and produced what they termed "Metropolitan Surprise Parties" each year. The ponderous Lauritz Melchior and petite Lily Pons in pink tights suspended upon wires and flying all over the Met stage in hilarious burlesque brought salvos of laughter from packed houses. Such charades as *Hungry Passions* (formerly *Tosca*) were blurbed, and then the Met proceeded to do an amphygic farce of Puccini's masterpiece. "Walt

Damrosch and His Rhythm Boys" were introduced in an absurd *boutade* and a grand carnival of laughs captioned "What's Godunoff for Boris is Godunoff for Me." Cheer leaders from Columbia University leading high-priced tenors, sopranos, baritones and basses in whoops as they sat in the bleachers at a parody of Pagliacci sent screams shooting toward the great chandelier. All of this served to acquaint the public with the fact that opera artists were after all human beings and that if they sang opera it must have something in the way of a general appeal.

New faces began to be seen parading about the foyers during the entre acts and new customers appeared at the box offices wanting to know the casts of next week's *Tristan*, *Carmen* or *Faust*. Air travel and the magnificent networks of parkways extending into the environs of New York City were becoming realities. There was nothing to prevent a family from dining at home in Westbury or New Rochelle and arriving at the Metropolitan a half hour later. Visiting guests at hotels had heard Martini and Pons on the radio and Grace Moore and Richard Crooks, too, and would stroll over toward 39th Street to hear them in a thing called *Manon* by a bird named Massenet.

Then last season came the appeal over the radio to this country asking the listening public to become actually

subscribers to the Metropolitan. Broadcasting had made it possible for folks all over America to sit before their radios and hear Rodolpho's *romanza* from beautiful *La Bohème* or to listen to Melchior and Flagstad do the delightful wedding scene from *Lohengrin*. This was a gift to them from the Met but a gift that was hard bought.

On June 28, 1940, the Metropolitan Opera became a "public enterprise." The Metropolitan Opera Association took over title to everything even remotely connected with it. Title for the property passed from the Metropolitan Opera and Real Estate Company to the newly created Metropolitan Opera Association Incorporated.

The inside of the whole structure was remodeled. The baroque Grand Tier has been done away with and in its stead have been placed commodious orchestra chairs directly above the parterre. These, incidentally, are the best seats in the house. With this innovation each tier of seats is elevated and gives one the whole panorama with an unobstructed view. Farther along, the stall boxes have been ripped out and a large omnibus box has been installed for the use of the Opera Guild. All these seating accommodations are on the floor with the Sherry Lounge where the gorgeously turned out women and men-about-town who clutter up the columns gather to sip champagne cocktails and the music lover comes to drink plain beer.

At the turn of the century the Metropolitan had but 5% of its subscription outside New York. Today the tabulations of subscriptions show that nearly 39% of those who patronize the Metropolitan come from out of town. This does not include those who live within striking distance of the city. Many come from far away.

Pilgrimages are actually made from points as distant as Wyoming, Montana, Nevada; and two couples arrived at the box office from Hawaii last January who informed Earle Lewis that they had come all that distance to hear a performance of *Tristan and Isolde* first-hand.

In the last few years things have done a complete about-face around the once great social temple on 39th and

Broadway and the class which came to project mink, sables, ermine and jewels has been replaced by a 1940 audience which attends the opera because it loves the music.

From somewhere in this mosaic will germinate the American opera that we have been waiting for all these years. And when that one arrives others will follow it. Even now, faintly over the horizon, gleams a flash of the time when we will not be dependent on the works of Puccini, Meyerbeer, Gluck, Beethoven, Wagner and Verdi, nor have to import singers to perform them. Grand opera will emanate from the Metropolitan created by American composers set up by American lyricists and sung in English by American artists.



### A Love Story

He must have been all of six feet tall. He weighed, I judged, about 185 pounds. He looked like a Greek god or a football hero. He was obviously all man and all priest.

She must have been all of two feet tall. She couldn't have weighed more than 25 pounds. She looked like one of those cherubs you see floating around in Murillo's *Immaculate Conception*.

She toddled down the aisle and said something to him as he stood at the door of the church. He bent over in a graceful arc almost to the floor and asked her to repeat what she had said. I heard her say, "What color are God's eyes?"

Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "Blue, just like yours."

She blinked but, womanlike, was obviously pleased. Without a word she turned and toddled on to tell her mother.

# The Bell and the Book

Cooney's comeback

By JOHN C. HANLEY

Condensed from the *Preservation of the Faith*\*

To some Catholics there is a right side and a left side to the altar. The more enlightened refer to the Epistle side and the Gospel side. Ask a former altar boy, though, and he'll tell you one is the bell side of the altar, the other the book side.

If you get a different answer from him, you can be sure there was never more than one server at Mass in his church. There were always two at St. Margaret's, even for the early weekday Masses. That's why we were so conscious of the difference between bell and book. Form 11 boys into a football team and every one of them will want to be a quarterback. Take nine for a baseball team and you will have nine candidates for pitcher. The same principle works when you appoint two boys to serve Mass together: they both want to ring the bell.

Ringing the bell isn't the only thing that makes serving on the bell side more attractive. This server also carries the plate at Holy Communion; he takes the wine cruet at the "wine and water," and he pours the water over the priest's fingers at the Lavabo. His partner's one brief moment of glory comes when he carries the missal. When I first heard the line, "They also serve, who merely stand and wait," I

thought it was inspired by the altar boy on the book side.

The boy I usually served Mass with was James Cooney. He had red hair and he was the only red-haired boy in St. Margaret's parish who wasn't called Red. He and I were paired because we were the same height. Sometime after the choice was made Cooney gained an inch on me and I couldn't have been more conscious of the difference if he'd gained a foot. He always insisted on lighting the tall candles when we served a solemn Mass. "I can reach them better," he'd explain. When the cruets had to be filled he always got the wine from its shelf in the sacristy cupboard. "You'll strain yourself," he used to say. The shelf was four inches above my shoulder. I used to insist that I was tall enough to get the wine, but I was never very persuasive. I imagine that was because I felt like a dwarf beside Cooney.

He and I worked out a gentleman's agreement that guaranteed each of us a regular turn on the bell side. Even though the arrangement was an equitable one I always felt an injustice was being perpetrated when Cooney took the leading part. I know he felt the same way when the roles were reversed. I could feel his eyes on me every time

I tapped the bell. We had a three-tiered bell at St. Margaret's that we tapped with a tiny cloth-headed hammer. When Cooney was watching me I always felt he was sure he could give a better performance. Sometimes I would time my stroke poorly and the bell would give off a wavering tinkle hardly audible beyond the first few pews. Cooney would shrug his shoulders imperceptibly then, but there was no mistaking the contempt in the gesture, slight as it was. His shrug was definitely a what-more-could-you-expect shrug. When Cooney rang the bell you could hear it out in the street. Father Quinn asked him once if he thought he were sounding a tocsin. Cooney grinned and said he guessed that was what he thought. Neither of us knew what a tocsin was, but Cooney told all the other servers what Father Quinn had said about the way he rang the bell. After I looked up "tocsin" in *Webster's* I became aware of an added respect for Father Quinn.

Whenever he "had the book," Cooney tried to compensate for his less spectacular role by spectacular performance. His responses were always louder and crisper than they were when he was on the bell side. And faster. It became a point of honor with him to finish the longer prayers first. It was a challenge I could hardly ignore. The first test always came with the *Confiteor*. The pace was terrific, and we'd both be out of breath when we came

to *pro me ad Dominum Deum nostrum*.

We served Mass for a visiting priest one weekday, I remember. Cooney was on the book side, and that morning he set an all-time record for the *Confiteor*. I made a mighty effort to keep up with him. We were neck and neck at the *mea culpa*, but Cooney gathered speed then and pulled away from me. He finished before I got to *omnes Sanctos et te pater*. I remember the priest paused a moment before beginning the *Misereatur* and there was not a sound in the sanctuary but the panting of his two servers.

After Mass, before Cooney and I went back to the sanctuary to put out the candles, he called us over to him.

"Which of you won that sprint this morning?" he asked.

Cooney grinned. "You mean the *Confiteor*, Father?"

The priest said he meant the *Confiteor*.

Cooney acknowledged victory gracefully, "I guess I finished first, Father," he said.

"And what was your time?" The priest turned to me.

"I don't know, Father," I said.

"You weren't as fast as your friend," the priest said. "Still, you were faster than anyone else I've ever heard. I suppose you both thought I was pretty slow." Cooney and I stared at our shoes. "I suppose it's because I can't forget the *Confiteor's* a prayer." He stared at us for a second; then, putting

one hand on my head and one hand on Cooney's, he rocked them together gently. "Suppose *you* try not to forget that," he said.

Cooney left St. Margaret's parish shortly after that. The last time we served Mass together he asked me if he could take the bell. It was my turn, but Cooney appealed to me. "It's my last time," he said. I don't remember whether I was graceful about it, but I told him to go ahead, I'd take the book. Cooney nearly shattered the bell that morning.

Cooney's family moved to Connecticut, and I never saw him again. I thought I did once, two years ago at an early Mass in a Washington church on the feast of the Assumption. There was no altar boy and a priest came out to ask someone to serve Mass. After a whispered consultation with a few men in the front pews he led one of them back to the sacristy. The man who followed the priest looked my age, a neat man, about an inch taller than I, with a tiny bald spot peeping through a thatch of red hair. I couldn't swear it was Cooney. Cooney might be in

Washington. He might have become as neat as a pin. And he might have grown bald. None of the evidence that inclined me to think it could have been he, stemmed from the man's appearance. The evidence that did was more subtle and more compelling. The neat man pronounced every word of the *Confiteor* so slowly and so distinctly a child could have followed him.

That's the evidence; that, and one thing more: when the priest went down into the church to ask someone to serve Mass, the neat man with the red hair was kneeling on the bell side.

I wanted to go up to him after Mass and ask him if he thought he was sounding a tocsin when he rang the bell at the *Sanctus*, but I couldn't be positive my man was Cooney. There must, I thought, be thousands of men who could recite the *Confiteor* slowly and stumble through the *Suscipiat* if they were called upon to serve Mass. And I thought there must be thousands, too, who turn naturally to the bell side when they go into church to hear Mass. That's where I was myself that morning, on the bell side.



## Beginnings . . . XIX . . .

### FLORIDA

*First priests:* Those with Ponce de Léon in 1521.

*First Mass:* By one of the above-mentioned priests in 1521.

*First Baptism:* Probably in 1521 by one of the above-mentioned priests.

Gilbert J. Garraghan in *Mid-America* (April '39).

# Christmas . . . Somewhere in China

By IVO SULLIVAN, O.F.M.

Condensed from *Assisi*\*

The Christians who had been noisy around this little country mission station for the last 48 hours have gone away. It is the first spare moment I have had these last few days. Wrapped in the work of making the feast a success for these faithful Chinese Catholics, I had no time to be lonely for Ireland. Only now have I realized that the usual Christmas letters are lacking. The Japs' invasion has mixed up mail deliveries and letters are arriving a month late.

Letters from Ireland are on their way I am sure. I know that the faith is still burning bright in one corner of Europe anyhow. I think of all the lights that burn before all the cribs of Ireland now. We erected a primitive crib here. It is seldom they have had a priest for this great feast; in years past the number of missionaries was too small to provide one for this isolated spot. You could see the joy of all, especially of the children and old folk, that at last they had a Midnight Mass and a Christmas all their own.

A few locals came in and decorated the church with greenery. Where they got it I do not know, for the whole earth seems barren and yellow. I bought a celluloid Chinese-faced doll when I was in Hankow for supplies,

and we got a nun in Anlu to make a Chinese gown for it. We laid it on a manger of rice straw, and lol it was a crib. Christians around the village lent pots and pans and bowls, and I got Peter, the boy, to buy some extra stuff at the market for meals for the guests, not forgetting a lot of vivid-colored sweets for the children.

On Christmas Eve the faithful began to arrive from distant parts. With their cotton-padded clothes they look, from a distance, as if dressed in corrugated iron. The children look like little barrels. Most of them bring along earthenware basket-like charcoal pots which they replenish in my kitchen and use to keep hands and feet warm. They all troop into my living room to pay their respects. Two or three families from remote places brought infants for Baptism. Some brought plump chickens for the kitchen, others a bottle of cooking oil. All brought happy faces.

They gradually went to the little church and some of them got out thick Chinese prayer books and all of them examined their consciences. I had a veil over the crib and it so piqued their curiosity that they sent a special deputation to have it removed; but I stood firm. Before supper I heard about 100 confessions. The crowd was growing

\*4 Merchants' Quay, Dublin, W.1, Ireland. March, 1940.

all the time and I must admit that there was more of a hubbub in the church than was reverent. Yet I was only half-hearted in reprobating them, for much must be conceded to these poor people who have such good intentions but have had no opportunity for training in the finer points of religion.

By 7:30 they had all had supper and I wondered what would be done with them till midnight Mass. My silent boy, Peter, solved the knotty problem. He took out a long bamboo flute and a hymnbook and gathered a group around a lantern in the church. I was hearing more confessions when suddenly he piped up and fingered a swift interlude to a well-known melody sung by the peasants of these parts. I thought the musicmaker was outside the door of the church. When the impromptu choir broke out in song I knew the glad truth. They had come to sing Catholic words to this old native tune of their country, and though it was awful as singing it was sweet to my ears. We have not come out here to divest the Chinese of their native culture, but to help them to Christianize themselves and their civilization.

Favorite tunes they sang many times over. Peter led them on his bamboo whistle till they got sure-footed; when they got properly going he played dashing variations, twinkling in and out through the stolid melodies with abandon worthy of the great feast.

To wait four hours in a church before midnight Mass would frighten most Europeans. To the Chinese, time means nothing. They had come to celebrate the feast and celebrate it they would. By 11 o'clock all the children were nodding, but the grownups were only warming into it. The singers got tired, so some old person with authority started them at the recital of the Catechism. They chant it in special Chinese rhythmical reading. Doctrine about the Nativity and Redemption and blessed Virgin they repeated with such fervor that the little church seemed to shake. Prayers were sandwiched between readings from the Gospels, later on. By the time Peter came out to light the candles for Mass there did not seem to be anything in the doctrinal or devotional line left unexplored. I quaked for the poor sermon I had prepared. But when the time came to turn round and face the congregation I felt at home. Christmas, say it in Irish or Chinese, is an appealing word. To these Chinese Catholics it has not all the beautiful associations that cling to it in our western Christian world, but no matter, I would try to explain to them one useful application of the feast to their own conditions.

So I spoke of the model Christian family. Family life is sadly uncultivated amongst pagans in China, and the poor converts find it hard to rise above their surroundings. I reminded them that our Lord was an Oriental by

birth, that His family was poor, that on the night of the Nativity they were poorer than anyone present in our little church just then. And so on with the age-old story of Christmas. Peter drew the veil from the crib during the sermon and I explained it to them. It was the first time most of them had seen one. They woke up the children to see the holy Child, and a buzz of talk began which I had to silence sternly. Sermons in country churches in China are apt to take strange turns, according to necessity.

There were over 150 Communions. That may sound small to you who are used to Irish churches at Christmas. But remember, this was the first time these people had a priest here at this time of year. Sometimes when I get discouraged at slow progress, I look at a case like this and say to myself, "Well, if you had not come to China these 150 Communions could not have been made."

As they trooped out from Mass we had firecrackers and rockets without which no Chinese celebration is complete. Noise and colored clouds of sparks work magic on the Oriental heart. No matter how poor a family is, they will now and again spare a few coins for a handful of firecrackers and their eyes glisten with joy at hearing the racket.

They love Benediction. It is only in the East that you can realize the true universality of the Church's liturgy: its

setting is as suitable to China as to Ireland. Our new converts are always delighted to find that the Church has found some use for incense. Their ideas of religion are inseparably bound up with the burning of incense, and it is only fair to them that their pagan ritual should be reformed and admitted into the Church with themselves.

It is a sign of great respect and honor in China for friends to talk and look on while one eats. Breakfast this morning was a signal example. I am sure they were all hungry, but they crowded into the house and kept up a running fire of compliments and news while I ate. Many of them went out to eat with their friends and relations in the neighborhood. But they were all in to see me afterwards. On occasions like this they come to discuss their many problems, and it gives the missionary a chance to keep in personal touch with each family.

Now they are all back home again, back to fireless shacks that contrast sharply with even the poorest Irish home. Their children hung out no stockings last night for mysterious presents. They heard no holy chimes ring out over the countryside. Tonight there is no special family rejoicing amongst them. But the essential celebration has been done; they have had Mass and the sacraments and with the growing years the trimmings will come.

Here is Peter to say that supper is ready. So good-bye for the present.

# Is Mars Inhabited?

Note to Buck Rogers

By J. J. McASEY, S.J.

Condensed from the *Rock*\*

**Are there men** on Mars? The Catholic philosopher sees no contradiction in the existence of a thousand earths. And as a theologian he would see no contradiction, for we men are not the only creatures God has created to be His companions in eternity. If He has created angels (as He has), then, perhaps, too, other men. He may even apply the parable of the lost sheep to this wounded world; we, the human family, are the sheep that strayed from the Shepherd and His flock; out in space the other worlds are still faithful and in His peace.

Mars alone of the other planets has been considered a possible dwelling place for living creatures. There are evident objections to life existing on the others: the extremes of temperature—the surface temperature of Mercury is that of molten lead, the temperatures of Neptune and Pluto approach absolute zero; the absence of a life-supporting atmosphere, the presence of gases fatal to life, as on Venus where the temperature may not be too high to eliminate the possibility of life, and as the ammonia gas and methane on Jupiter and Saturn, even were their surfaces not covered by oceans of ice thousands of miles deep.

The first suggestion that Mars is in-

habited seems to have been an accidental mistranslation of scientific observations. These are the works of the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli. In 1877 he found that the "oceans" (by which earlier observers designated the widely extended dark regions on the planet) were connected by comparatively narrow lines. He termed such a line a *canale* which, properly translated from the Italian into English, is *channel* not *canal*. The error was of a certain moment for whereas a channel is a natural phenomenon, *canal* connotes an artificial waterway. It implied that Mars was inhabited. It is on the evidence of these channels that the thesis still stands. But that evidence is now strongly supported.

Two years later in a second series of observations when the planet was at a high altitude and better situated for telescopic work (since in such a position seen through less atmosphere), further and finer channels were discovered. This was a stimulus to a more widespread study of the planet. Some years later (1894) the Lowell Observatory was established at Flagstaff, Ariz., with its chief purpose the study of Mars. Further details of Martian topography were discovered. The number of canals mounted upwards to nearly

\*P. O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. September, 1940.

600. Many of these larger canals have been seen by independent observers. Some of them appear to be doubled, and each double channel has its special width. In some cases they are 400 miles apart, in others only about 75. At the junction of the channels are small dark spots which wax and wane with the seasons.

From these observations Professor Lowell contended that Mars was inhabited. These canals, frequently thousands of miles long and each following a "Great Circle," must be the product of design, not of natural causes, he goes on. They are therefore indicative of extensive irrigation works which conduct the waters produced annually by the melting of the polar caps to all quarters of that globe. The canals are too minute to be visible to us. What we see as dark lines are in reality broad strips of vegetation produced by artificial cultivation along the borders of the irrigating streams. Mars, he says, therefore is the home of other men like ourselves, at least inasmuch as they are composed of body and soul: they have physical strength and spiritual faculties, intellect and will. Mars, even as the earth, is inhabited.

Now this whole thesis is built on the evidence of the canals, or, more accurately, the channels.

There are two grounds upon which the existence of these canals is rendered dubious: there is the conflict of observers, some of whom affirm that these

markings are continuous lines, while some deny that they are so: which at least argues that the canals are not so very evident. And there is the optical problem.

This second objection arises from a natural tendency of the eye which under certain conditions associates points, that are in reality distinct, into a line; or, again, under other conditions, the eye will tend by a natural habit to interpret combinations of light and shaded areas as continuous lines although these areas in reality are quite otherwise. When such conditions prevail, long practice, however carefully conducted by an observer, may confirm him in his interpretation. In the present case these conditions arise. The surface of Mars as seen through a telescope is at the limits of visibility. Under such a situation this natural tendency occurs.

There are other objections urged against the real existence of the canals. The extreme distance of the planet (it is 400 times as far from us as is the moon) imposes a great strain upon the eye. The atmosphere, although tenuous, renders its surface blurred. Its surface has been scarred by the bombardment of meteors; its slight atmosphere is not dense or extensive enough to so resist their passage that they burn up with frictional heat in rushing through it. There are other natural and fundamental geological divisions which should be apparent: the lines of con-

traction and fracture of its surface, the deserts and dried up seas and their boundaries, the hard rocks visible where they withstood the forces that wore away the less durable stuff, the grooves eaten through the soft stone regions, the rift valleys.

Thus the evidence in support of the real existence of these canals is of doubtful value. And what if the surface of Mars is seen to be covered with a great network of canals? It would be indicative that Mars at one time was inhabited. It would not indicate that Mars is inhabited now, since we have evidence that would seem to preclude that possibility.

It is first necessary to consider the nature of man. Man is composed of body and soul. His soul is immortal, but his body is organic, and shall die. While alive, like all organic life, it absorbs and assimilates inorganic matter into its own substance; thereby it maintains its own life. It has the power of reproducing its own species. Yet while it can reproduce, it was itself produced: each living creature is derived from some pre-existing living creature. The process cannot recede indefinitely. It is repugnant to our reason that non-living matter should initiate this process. Therefore, there must be a first living organism. The first living organism must have been brought into existence by one who could create life. Its existence postulates its Creator, God.

So much for the origin of organisms. It is the composition that interests us here. It is composed of cells of a colloidal substance of great chemical complexity—of protoplasm. This protoplasm is endowed with the power of converting non-living matter into its own substance. Certain conditions are necessary for its continued existence and its activity. For its existence it needs the presence of water; it needs the elements of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen and hydrogen in suitable combinations; it requires various inorganic salts in small amounts. For its activity this protoplasm must enjoy a temperature ranging between zero and about 115 degrees Fahrenheit: if it is appreciably higher the protoplasm will be destroyed; it can survive at lower temperatures but until it again enjoys a suitable temperature it will be inert and inactive.

Are conditions on Mars such that the organism may exist and be active?

We know that Mars has an atmosphere. This extends upwards to a distance of 50 miles. It is of great tenuity. As yet we do not know accurately its composition. The polar caps are additional evidence of atmosphere. Their changing size is frequently accounted for by the melting and deposition of ice, snow and hoar frost, but the rate at which the caps decrease as summer approaches indicates that the ice is only a few inches thick: this is possible, but it is much more probable that this

deposition is frozen methane, for the amount of water vapor in the atmosphere is extremely small, if there be water vapor present at all. Powerful spectroscopic instruments at Mount Wilson Observatory failed to detect it. Since these instruments are capable of detecting as small an amount as one-thousandth part of that present in the earth's atmosphere, the water vapor present must be practically nil. Equally delicate investigations failed to detect the presence of oxygen.

There is even more convincing evidence of the absence of hydrogen. The argument is advanced by Sir James Jeans. It is a comparatively simple one.

The natural tendency of an atmosphere is to diffuse itself in space: for as the molecules of the atmosphere move about extremely fast they tend to fly off. This tendency to escape from the planet is countered by a force of gravity exerted by the mass of the planet on each molecule of its atmosphere. This gravitational pull determines the "velocity of escape," or the speed a projectile must attain to pass out of the influence of the planet. If this is five times as great as the molecular velocity of the atmosphere (i. e., the speed of the molecules in question), the atmosphere is almost immune from loss; but if the velocity of escape is even as low as four times the molecular velocity of the atmosphere, then the atmosphere will dissipate in quite a comparatively short period (in about

25,000 years or so!). Now the "velocity of escape" from the earth is about seven miles a second, which is six times the molecular velocity of hydrogen, one of the lightest gases; therefore its atmosphere does not suffer loss. The velocity of escape from Mars is much slower, about three miles a second. Now, this is only thrice the speed of hydrogen, therefore the hydrogen that was in the Martian atmosphere must have escaped quite quickly. Today, therefore, Mars has hardly any hydrogen.

The temperatures of Mars are hardly compatible with living conditions. Noon on the Martian equator has a temperature of about 50 degrees Fahrenheit—about that of mid-autumn weather. As evening approaches this falls quickly and before sunset it is far below zero. During the night the temperature falls to probably as low as 200 degrees below zero Fahrenheit: far below any temperature experienced on earth. And all this on the equator! Such extreme conditions, alone, make it unlikely that any organisms exist. If there were life it would seem to be of the lowest form of vegetation, such as lichens and mosses. The extremely low temperatures make even these highly improbable.

Water vapor, oxygen and hydrogen are necessary for the existence and continued activity of the protoplasm, as is also the absence of excessively low (and high) temperatures: these are conditions of life. Practically, these are

not present on Mars. What may be present is quite insufficient for that cell which is the basis of organic life as we know it. And so we deduce that on Mars there is no life. The earth alone in the solar system is the dwelling place of man. As such it is the

centerpiece, the focus towards which all else is ordered; the vital part that gives significance to the whole. On earth alone does matter minister to spirit, as the senses feed the soul. For all that exists is for the service of man—in the service of God.



### Deportment Department

[Written by an India missioner for his people.]

Before entering the church, wash your feet in the small creek out front. Or use the pump.

Try to keep dogs at home. If they do follow you, keep them out of church, if possible. If they insist on coming into church to renew the scent of their masters, be not angry with the catechist if he uses force to drive them out.

Do not place your offerings of rice, vegetables or chickens on the altar rail. It would be better to offer your chicken and then take it directly to the kitchen, or outside on the veranda. The place for the offerings is the open spot at the east side of the rail.

Watch your small children. If necessary, take them outside, off the veranda. If they catch you unaware, kindly use the straw provided for the purpose.

You women ought to cover the upper part of your body when you come to Communion, keeping your baby either to the side or on the back.

Men do not need shirts to attend Mass. Those clothes suitable for a trip to the bazaar or market will be suitable in which to worship God. The same for women.

Do not spit out of the windows or doors. Go to the end of the veranda for this purpose. But you ought to clear your throat *before* coming into church.

If you have to feed your children puffed rice to keep them quiet, wait until after Mass to clean up.

When you are seeking a place in the church, or if for any reason you must leave during Mass, respect the feet of your neighbor. The apologies necessary for touching a neighbor's feet, to keep good social custom, are distracting to the rest of the congregation.

Your rosary should be in your hand during devotions; not around your neck.

# Last of the Missionary Bishops

By ALMA SAVAGE

Condensed from the *Catholic Woman's World*\*

I have just come back from Alaska. A visitor usually carries away from that wonderful country a memory of brilliantly colored flowers, of glistening glaciers rising beyond steep, rocky inlets, of towering mountains gone purple in the dusk, of the enchantment of a land that is young. I have come back with all this, but enriched besides by the inspiration of a personality.

The man is the Most Reverend Joseph Raphael Crimont, Bishop of the vicariate apostolic of Alaska. I first saw Bishop Crimont late one afternoon in August, the afternoon I arrived in Juneau. He came into the room, slight, very straight, with fine blue eyes, a ruddy face and well-moulded features. His serenity swept all before him, and I immediately forgot the standing in line for customs officials, the bustle of getting off the boat, the excitement of really being in Alaska. An Alaskan doctor described his first meeting with Father Crimont, and the great influence it had on him. He wrote: "I went out that day feeling, 'If I can have such a man as that for a friend, I will be able to do anything.'"

This is the very thing I felt in talking with Bishop Crimont and the thing I sensed in the minds of those I later met who knew and loved him. It must

be, at least in part, his great charity of spirit, his acceptance of people, and his reluctance to condemn them for their sins that so warms the hearts of all who know him. His charity and his faith in human nature are revealed whenever he speaks. When he told of the Indian boys of the early mission days, he said, "Even if after their school days some of the boys did behave like devils, they died as saints." When I asked him to tell us of some of the hardships of his early days on the missions, he replied, "Ah, some of the priests had very hard lives, but I didn't." And that is characteristic of the man.

But what is the real record of his 45 years in Alaska? Bishop Crimont first went to Alaska as superior of Holy Cross Mission in 1895. He had been educated as a Jesuit in France, and ordained in 1888 at Woodstock College by Cardinal Gibbons. Except for the four years when he was president of Gonzaga College in Spokane, his history has been the story of the growth of Catholic Alaska. In 1904 he became prefect apostolic of the Catholic missions in Alaska, and in 1917 its first bishop. Under his pastoral care have grown the 12 scattered parishes, the many small quasi-parishes, the 12 Indian missions, the hospitals and schools.

\*Marygrove College, Detroit, Mich. November, 1940.

The burden resting on the Bishop of raising adequate money for the work has always been extraordinarily heavy. Though the government recognizes the value of the Catholic schools, it does nothing toward their support. Of the \$40,000 needed annually, part has been supplied at more or less regular intervals by Catholic mission agencies. The major part, however, has come from the hard and continual efforts of the Bishop, efforts requiring a tremendous number of letters of appeal to Catholic generosity all over the world.

Through it all, he has arrived at the age of 82, a shining example of tranquillity. When in his presence, you feel his tremendous strength of will and ability to endure hardships despite a frail body.

The Bishop's modesty does not suffice to silence the tales of valor that people circulate about him. It is said that he had the love and respect of the prospectors and miners of the early days because of his absolute disregard of comfort and rest. They still tell of seeing him in icy water, dragging huge logs to a new chapel site. Until last year Bishop Crimont administered the vicariate of the whole of Alaska, an area about one-fifth the size of the U. S. He made all the Confirmation trips, visiting at regular intervals the entire Alaskan territory, as well as the Aleutian Islands. Bishop Fitzgerald, his coadjutor, consecrated in 1939, is now stationed at Fairbanks and relieves

him of the greater part of this work.

The Bishop will entertain you with the stories of his pioneer days, but his simplicity, that of the genuinely humble, makes you always feel that it is the adventure and not his own part in it that interests him.

"One winter," he said, "we had taken two sled loads of provisions and lumber to a group of boys and a Brother who were building a chapel at Pinute, 25 miles below Holy Cross Mission. When we were returning on the third day of a blinding snowstorm, we made a fire in order to brew a cup of tea. Suddenly we saw standing on the high bank of the river an Indian boy, motionless, his gun across his arms, silently watching our preparations. The young brother of my guide cried out in alarm, 'Look out, Simeon, that man may be crazy and shoot.'

"But he was not crazy: he was scarcely able to whisper after three days of exposure and fasting, and as he collapsed in my arms, he muttered, 'Look for Frank, he may be frozen and dead in the bush.'

"The two boys had carried the mail to a camp of wood choppers, lost their way, and had been wandering three days in the storm without food. They were scarcely able to move: but they knew they must force themselves ahead or be quickly frozen to death. The temperature was 40° below zero. When we found Frank, he was already numb and semi-conscious. So we hitched all

the dogs to one sled, and Simeon rushed the boys to the mission. Meanwhile, I continued on snowshoes along the frozen lake until I could go no farther, so I stretched myself on the trail. At midnight I was picked up half frozen by a Brother from the mission who had been sent to get me. All this time, five hours, the people at the mission had been rubbing the bodies of the Indian boys with melting snow. The next day was the feast of St. Francis Xavier, and I was able to say the community Mass, thanking God for my escape from death. One of the rescued boys said to me, 'After our prayer to the Sacred Heart, we knew that we would be saved.'

From one of the Bishop's many friends, I heard a complete version of the story of the Indian boys. Besides heroically insisting on remaining behind so that the half-frozen boys might be rushed with the greatest possible speed to the mission, Father Crimont wrapped his own parkee about the lad that was furthest spent, leaving himself without even that protection from the cold. The parkee is the long fur cloak worn by the Eskimos.

Stories of such hardship would seem to belong in the lives of men strong and rugged, built for endurance; but the Bishop is small, even frail. This might be expected at 82, but he says he has always been frail from childhood. When he was a Jesuit Scholastic at Lille in France, the doctors gave him

only a few weeks to live. At that time St. John Bosco was visiting in Lille to establish an institute for poor boys, and Brother Crimont served his Mass. Afterwards, he told Don Bosco of the doctor's verdict that he must die, and of his own keen ambition to become a missionary. "You obtain from God all that you ask," he said, "won't you ask that I may live to be a missionary?" And Don Bosco, smiling, patted him on the head. "Yes, my son," he answered, "your ambition will be fulfilled. Every day in my thanksgiving after Mass I shall ask God to grant you that favor. You will obtain it."

So it was that two years later Joseph Crimont found himself at Woodstock College in Maryland, and persevered until his ordination. After working with the Indians in Montana, he was sent to Alaska. He sailed from Seattle in July, 1894, on a small steam schooner, little dreaming that he would return there 23 years later to be consecrated Bishop of Alaska. For 13 days he was so ill that the captain was convinced he would die, but the boat stayed in dock a few days at Dutch Harbor and he began to convalesce. When they reached St. Michael, Father Barnam, who had been his classmate at Woodstock, met the boat, hoping to see a number of priests and Brothers. To his disappointment, he found only one passenger.

"What! You?" he exclaimed, "Poor little Crim, you are not made for

Alaska. In three weeks you will be dead. Stay on the boat and go straight back."

"Little Crim" stayed in Alaska, and did not die, and today at 82 he is a radiant proof of how far an indomitable spirit can carry a frail body ded-

icated to the service of God. He has no idea that he cannot still go on. Last year, after consecrating his coadjutor, Bishop Fitzgerald (who had been his student), he said to him quietly, "You know, bishops have been known to bury their coadjutors."



### Pillar Saints

The first of the pillar saints was St. Simeon Stylites. He was born in northern Syria at the close of the 4th century. As a monk in a monastery near Antioch, he took his vocation so much to heart that for ten years he lived in utter seclusion, never moving from his narrow cell. In addition to this, he imposed upon himself such excessive austerities that at the age of 30 he was expelled from the monastery.

Undiscouraged, Simeon built himself a pillar six feet high, the top of which was a yard in diameter, and on this he had his dwelling place. To add to this ordeal he loaded his neck down with chains. From this pillar he moved to several others in succession, each higher than the last, until at length he attained a height of 60 feet. On this last pillar he spent the rest of his 30 years without ever once descending. His disciples provided him with food and drink, by means of a rope with basket attached. From his lofty position he preached to the numerous pilgrims attracted from all parts of the world by reports of his sanctity. Theodoret, a religious historian who knew St. Simeon personally, vouches for these facts.

There were many converts to this form of asceticism. To its followers, the fundamental virtue of living on top of a pillar seemed to be its efficacy in separating devotees more completely from earth.

The most celebrated disciple of Simeon was Daniel the Stylite of Constantinople. Daniel's ordeal was even more severe than that of Simeon because of the trying climate along the shores of the Bosphorus, where he built his pillar. Daniel of Constantinople endured this penance for 33 long sun-beaten years.

There is only one record of a pillar hermit in the West. A monk, Wulflaicus, attempted the pillar life near Treves about 585, but the clergy of the neighborhood were unsympathetic, compelled Wulflaicus to abandon the idea, and destroyed the pillar.

From the *Mentor* quoted in the *Cross* (Aug. '40).

# The Moment of Death

By NAPOLEON J. GILBERT

Condensed from the *Linacre Quarterly*\*

When the end begins

**Doctors say** that death is the actual cessation of life in the various and multiple bodily systems, organs and cells. Death occurs with the complete and absolute stoppage of all vital functions plus the impossibility of their return to the performance of any duty.

Theologians teach that death takes place at the precise moment when the soul leaves the body. It is the separation of the soul from the body. God has never revealed to men any visible and infallible means of ascertaining the exact moment of this separation. It is now a certainty that soul liberation does not absolutely coincide with the external arrest of respiration or stoppage of circulation; much less when a sick person ceases to give any outward sign of consciousness. These may be common symptoms of death; they are not necessarily irrevocable indications of real death.

Doctors know of patients who have returned to consciousness and life after lying for hours in a state of apparent death. Such people were not in any sense resuscitated; their souls had not taken a temporary flight to eternity and been sent down again to animate deserted bodies.

Not many years ago, I was hurriedly summoned to the home of a widow

who had been found in a lifeless condition. When I entered the house the doctor had just pronounced her dead and left the fatal word *thrombosis* with the attendants. The woman was apparently dead but I spoke a few devotional words to her. I told her that I was at her side to give her Extreme Unction and absolution. I also whispered some helpful motives for perfect contrition.

The woman, a resident of New Hampshire, is still alive. Luckily she gave a faint sign of life while the embalmer was on his way to get her body. She later gave proof that she had heard and remembered every word that I had whispered. She also reminded me how the noonday whistle had blown at a near-by sawmill while I was praying over her.

The other case is that of a stillborn baby. The attending doctor and nurse had worked well over an hour to bring about some visible respiration in that little blue and violet body. I immediately baptized the infant conditionally. Later I called on the mother. I was agreeably surprised to discover a rubicund little face peeping out from the lace and linen of a bassinet carefully poised on two chairs near the smiling mother's bed. A timely cry had saved

the little one from the undertaker.

Not so many years back, the common dead were laid out and buried without benefit of embalmer or undertaker. Only the rich could afford them. Curiously enough, and without the least emotional exaggeration, medical historians record hundreds of sensational cases of persons in many countries who while alive have been confined, and even buried. Some have returned from this terrifying experience to tell the world how it felt.

One of the most deeply dramatic scenes of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet* deals with the perplexing problem of true or apparent death. After reading or seeing the play, who could forget the sudden awakening and confused arising of Juliet from an induced death-sleep to look upon the dead Romeo?

That is gloomy fiction; but there are many authentic cases of premature burial that did not end in such romantic disaster.

On a very hot Sunday in the summer of 1826, a young priest was delivering a sermon to a large congregation in a church of Southern France. He suddenly lost the power of speech and collapsed. A doctor pronounced him dead. Arrangements were made for his funeral. He declared afterward that he was conscious of being laid out and measured for a coffin. He recalled how his bishop and many priests had recited the *De Profundis*. At last, he heard the

voice of an unforgotten friend of his boyhood days, and with a superhuman effort was able to cry out. This priest lived half a century after the experience and became the celebrated Cardinal Donnet of Bordeaux. He told this story himself in the French senate when agitating for a revision of the French burial laws, 40 years after the exaggerated pronouncement of his death.

A more recent escape from a premature grave aroused great interest in Europe. It occurred in 1896. Nicephoras Glycas, the Greek Orthodox bishop of Lesbos, had supposedly died in his 80th year. In accordance with the rites of the Greek Church, his body, clothed in his gorgeous vestments, was exposed for several days in the Cathedral of Methymni, diurnally watched by relays of chanting priests. On the second night the watchers were startled when the "corpse" wakefully started up in his coffin and asked what it was all about.

As I write, there are stacked on my desk nine volumes, numerous brochures, newspaper clippings and magazine articles, all giving detailed and vivid descriptions of tearful funeral ceremonies and frightful resurrections. It is easy to understand why certain emotional and sensitive persons are morbidly haunted with a fear of being some day carried to the grave while alive. Because of present-day procedure, the possibility of an adult's being

buried alive is equivalent to zero. Excepting in extremely rare cases of still-born babies, burial of apparently dead persons can no longer occur. Undoubted signs of real death must be clearly noticeable before a body is embalmed.

In all doubtful cases, in drowning, gas asphyxiation, heat or lightning stroke, or electrocution, a doctor will not abandon treatment or sign a death certificate until long after all the reliably scientific means of resuscitation have been applied many times. Real death varies with the individual. It is progressive and gradual, according to the accumulation of resistance or previous deterioration of the body cells. The soul quits the body when all cell life is extinct.

The heart, "*primum vivens et ultimum moriens*" [first to live and last to die], does not die beyond recall until it has struggled in the grip of death for ten minutes, 20 minutes, hours perhaps. One may be dead externally and yet live on internally. Objective certainty of death may be observed sooner in one who dies after a lingering disease

than in one who is suddenly stricken by unforeseen shock or tragic accident.

Cardinal Mercier of Belgium some 30 years ago appointed a group of doctors and theologians to study the important question of the hour of death. They concluded their learned discussion with the practical statement that the soul may rarely leave the body until 20 minutes have elapsed after the last breath.

The precious moments or minutes that elapse between the apparent and real death should not go to waste. The doctor will continue his technical and expert care, and the priest will avail himself of this extremity to hastily administer all possible spiritual assistance to the dying.

The Church has wisely and duly authorized the conditional administration of Extreme Unction and absolution in all cases of sudden death, even after a reasonable lapse of time since the last breath. The Church never despairs of the probable salvation of one who has died. There is always the possibility of a last-moment act of contrition.



### *Snap*

Composing was as easy to Rossini as eating. The story is told that one day when he was lying in bed writing an overture, the window was open and the wind blew the music paper into the courtyard. Rather than get up, he composed another overture. He spent just 13 days composing *The Barber of Seville*.

George Martin in *Good Housekeeping* (Oct. '40).

# Over Dunkerque

Stranger than fiction

By A. W. O'BRIEN

Condensed from the *Eikon*\*

**A**fter every great battle overseas, the big stories are immediately told. The little but often superb "human-interest" stories take time in trickling through. In the latter category belongs this side drama from Dunkerque. It is typical of the fascinating tales with a Catholic angle that reach the ears of our Canadian Active Service Force Padres now in England.

A big Wellington mid-wing two-motored monoplane stood in the darkness of an R.A.F. airdrome somewhere in England. To its ample belly, aircraftsmen were attaching a huge load of high-explosive bombs.

The crew was made up of six men: a flight Lieutenant in command, a co-pilot, navigator, wireless operator and two gunners.

The flight Lieutenant was a hard-bitten veteran of 24. His eyes remained continually cold. His smile had an unpleasantly cynical twist to it. But his name is definitely established in the R.A.F. ace listings. He had been only recently transferred from the fighters to highly important bombing work.

"Well, Dublin," he said to one of the air gunners, a young Irish lad who had enlisted shortly after the outbreak of war, "You'll need all your hocus-

pocus tonight—this has all the earmarks of a real show."

Dublin blushed as the others laughed. The "hocus-pocus" referred to by the commander dealt with the lad's habit of making the sign of the cross, saying a few prayers and finally wrapping his rosary around his right wrist before taking off on raiding jaunts.

"I don't know how you papists straighten out your philosophy," continued the Lieutenant. "You say the rosary has a religious significance but as far as I'm concerned it carries the same value as a rabbit's foot—you think it brings you luck. Last Thursday over that Ypenburg drome I saw you take aim at the Messerschmitt 110 with the hand that carried the prayer beads. When it comes to killing people I'd think you would keep such supposedly sacred articles out of it."

A silence fell on the group. All looked at Dublin.

"It may look funny to you, sir," he replied, "but there's no conflict in my mind. You see, sir, we're bound by our religion to serve our country. We're also entitled to defend ourselves to the absolute limit. In this war, I believe I'm fighting the forces of anti-religion and feel that God and the

\*1355 Basin St., Montreal, Canada. October, 1940.

blessed Virgin are on our side. I pray because I feel afraid and I find it gives me courage. Wrapping the rosary around my wrist is just an idea of my own."

The Lieutenant laughed. "O.K., Dublin, have it your own way, but keep on getting the Heinies as you have been doing and I won't kick; but don't let me catch you absorbed in prayer when any Heinkel 113's are buzzing around tonight. We've been assigned to help cover the retreat to Dunkerque by blowing up anything in the way of roads. Let's roll!"

A few minutes later the six were climbing into the Wellington. They were clad in sheepskin-lined moleskins and thick helmets. All wore parachutes. The navigator carried a large chart. The Lieutenant took the controls. Dublin was in the forward gun turret located in the plane's nose. Operated hydraulically, it enabled the gunner to swing his machine guns in a complete circle despite strong air pressure.

The Wellington's motors broke into a sullen roar and the heavily-loaded plane began moving down the runway to turn into the flare path—a line of ten dim lights strung across the field. The motors took on a new tone and the bomber picked up speed. The tail lifted, then the wheels were clear, only to bump back to earth under the terrific burden. Up again, the Wellington cleared the trees at the end of the

field by the scant margin of 15 feet!

The moon peeked through ominous clouds. The Lieutenant's mouth twisted into its cynical smile. He nudged the officer in the co-pilot's seat and pointed to the forward gun turret where, in the moonlight, Dublin could be seen wrapping his rosary around his wrist. His lips were clearly moving in prayer.

Within 20 minutes, the Wellington was over Dunkerque. It flew at 20,000 feet. Orders were to keep on going to a point well beyond Dunkerque and behind the advancing Nazi columns to bomb the roads traveled by the supply columns.

From that height it was impossible to see the fiercely wonderful fight in the Dunkerque harbor, but blazing fires and the flashes of guns could plainly be seen.

"Must be quite a show going on," yelled the co-pilot.

The Lieutenant nodded. Down below he was watching the shadows of planes in a dogfight above the channel at about 7,000.

Suddenly there came a warning yell from the navigator. He was pointing frantically out the starboard window where, clearly outlined in a stretch of moonlit sky, was a flight of seven Dornier 17's, their swastikas plainly evident! With the bombers were Heinkel 113's.

The Lieutenant cursed himself for having allowed the show below to dis-

tract his attention. A number of escorting Heinkels had left the Dorniers and were streaking towards the lone British bomber. These single bomber attacks generally carried a surprise element but it was bad business when they got caught.

The Lieutenant banked into a steep sideslip. Lightning shot from the panel board ahead of him as a shower of lead pierced the plane. A quick glance confirmed his fear—the co-pilot was lolling back in his seat, half of his head shot off!

From ahead, the Lieutenant heard a sudden burst of machine gun fire. Dublin was tearing loose. There was only one thing to do with the speedier Heinkels: fight them. The Wellington zoomed suddenly and Dublin found himself staring through his gun sights squarely at the tanks of a Heinkel. His trigger finger bent and the Nazi went to pieces in a bright explosion.

The Lieutenant shoved the control column straight ahead and the nose of the bomber pointed earthwards. He was tossing the Wellington around in unorthodox fashion hoping it would give his gunner on the tail a crack at anything coming from an upper level.

But no blast came from the rear—that meant something must have happened to the rear gunner. The Lieutenant yelled for the navigator to leave his post and take over the rear gun. The navigator began going aft in the rolling plane, stumbling over the wire-

less operator who had evidently been caught in the first blast.

The Wellington leveled out and from ahead came the br-r-r of Dublin's guns. He was wheeling around in the hydraulic gun turret spraying machine gun fire on all sides. The sky seemed filled with swastikas. Another Heinkel was coming straight for the Wellington. A flash from one of its cannons was followed by a screeching sound in the Wellington. The Lieutenant was covered with glass. The small shell had evidently plowed the length of the plane and the Wellington was wobbling badly. From behind and below came a ripping sound: machine-gun spray from planes below! The Lieutenant groaned. His left arm was definitely shattered and blood was trickling down his right arm from an elbow wound that hurt terribly. But he could still move the fingers of his right hand. The pain was intense. He yelled for the navigator but a quick glance showed him the navigator hadn't even reached the rear of the plane. He was sprawled over the collapsible raft.

Fire was starting to blaze midway in the Wellington. The Lieutenant kicked the rudder wildly and looked ahead. Dublin was waving excitedly in evident glee. Then he saw the commander beckoning and made his way back.

"Great flying, sir, we got three, maybe four...." He stopped abruptly as he

saw the fire. Frantically, he looked for the extinguishers, but the inside of the cabin was a bullet-torn shambles. There was no choice—he dragged over the wireless operator's body and threw it onto the burning patch.

Dublin returned to the commander, a wide grin crossing his freckled face, "You should have seen that Heinie with the cannon, sir. I think I shot straight down the barrel."

"Never mind that, Dublin," the commander groaned, "we're in a bad way. The plane is shot to pieces. We seem to be over English soil again and I don't dare unload my heavy explosives. We've got to watch for a flare path and try to land her. I've only got one good hand but it's weakening. You'd better grab the control column and do what I tell you!"

Dublin didn't hesitate. He half sat on the knee of the commander, whose face had turned ghastly pale. Sweat dripped from his brow onto Dublin's back.

"Pray hard, Dublin—pray for a flare path and I'll say, 'Amen,'" he muttered. And from Dublin's lips began falling the sacred words of the *Hail Mary*.

The rest was a nightmare. They spotted a feeble flare path and with the wounded man directing, Dublin

piloted the big, sick Wellington across wind at a moderate angle about 700 feet up. Emergency flares were popping below; a turn into the wind and a straight descent at 120 miles per hour. He turned the Wellington across wind and came into a landing path—throttle back—lowered flaps and adjusted speed—20 feet up now!

"Pull back the control column!" came the Lieutenant's voice. "Close the throttle gradually—easy, Dublin, eas...." There came a heavy bump followed by two light ones, "We made it, kid." His maimed right hand reached out, half clutched at the rosary around Dublin's wrist.

The medical officer on duty pushed his way into the battered cabin and hurriedly stripped off the flight Lieutenant's coat and shirt. He was dead. The M.O. marveled—a splinter of steel had plainly pierced the man's chest and penetrated the heart!

"Good heavens, gunner!" he said looking up. "He could only have got that steel in the fight up there several minutes ago—you've been flying with a dead man as pilot!"

But Dublin wasn't listening. He was gazing in awe at the dead flier's neck from which was suspended, upon a golden chain, our Lady's scapular medal!



There are two types of men, those who are afraid to lose God, and those who are afraid that they might find Him.—Pascal.

# Ex-Kaiser on the Swastika

Me und abracadabra

By FRANK THONE

Condensed from the *Catholic Boy*\*

**While Adolph Hitler** is making history in Europe under the sign of the swastika, his one-time commander-in-chief, the former Kaiser Wilhelm II, sits quietly in his study at Doorn, conducting researches in science. Among the things he has investigated is a history of the swastika itself. He has even written a small book on the subject, in which neither Hitler nor the National Socialist Party is even mentioned.

One of the former Kaiser's grandsons, Prince Friedrich, brought back from a tour in the U.S. a booklet issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad, in which the peculiar, involved trademark of that line was explained as an adaptation from the center design of the old Korean flag. This design intrigued Wilhelm's fancy; he started reading about it, and quizzing scientists.

The old Korean flag design, known as the *tah-gook*, was derived (like many other Korean things) from an original and somewhat simpler Chinese pattern which is called the monad. This consists of what looks like two fat commas, one light, the other dark, locked into each other within a circle. The light one is called Yang, the dark one Yin.

Yang and Yin, in Chinese symbolism,

represent the opposite but complementary principles that make up the universe. Yang is light, day, fire, sky: the male or positive principle. Yin is darkness, night, water, earth: the female or negative principle. The two together form a kind of curved-line swastika.

Wilhelm presently turned up the fact that this whirling swastika did not by any means originate in China. The oldest examples of the design he could find were on decorated pottery from excavations at Tripolje on the Dnestr River in southern Russia, dating from about 4000 b. c. Further examples were discovered as far away as Mexico and Florida.

Far to the southeast of Tripolje lies the ancient Persian city of Susa. From excavations there, came the earliest known examples of the true swastika, with angular, rather than curved, arms. Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm does not think that the swastika necessarily originated at Susa; merely that the oldest specimens of it he has seen came from there. They are of about the same age as the Yang-Yin symbols of the Tripolje culture. He regards them as related, but has never been able to decide which was the original and which the derived design.

The swastika, despite its square

\*1300 Foshay Tower, Minneapolis, Minn. October, 1940.

shape, came to be an emblem of the sun, which the ancients regarded as rolling energetically across the sky, like a great wheel. Frequently it is shown above a dark, cross-shaped design intended to represent the earth with the four cardinal directions indicated.

Numerous wide, flaring bowls have been dug up at Susa which seem to have been intended as symbolic pictures of the universe. The swastika sun above the cross-shaped earth usually constitutes the central figure of the design. Surrounding them are great zig-zag waves that apparently are intended to represent the encircling ocean, with triangular figures that probably depict mountains, and curious comb-shaped markings seem to be meant for rain falling from clouds. But the swastika sun rules all.

In India, Wilhelm states, two forms of the swastika have been evolved, having opposite symbolisms. One, in which the top arm points to the right, is usually red, the color of morning; it signifies life, good fortune, happiness. It alone is entitled to the name swastika. Its opposite points its top arm toward the left. It is colored blue, the hue of night, and signifies death, ill fortune, unhappiness. It is called the sauastika.

The claim has been made that the Nazi swastika has its arms pointed the wrong way. According to this Indian interpretation at least, this is not the case; Hitler's symbol is the "good-

luck" sign. He may, however, have put a curse on it by coloring it black instead of red. But these are points which the head of the House of Hohenzollern does not bother to discuss at all.

There is a curious and rather complex solar symbol, in which the swastika is combined with a great Gorgon face with snaky locks. Sometimes the Gorgon head is mounted on a human body, winged at shoulders and heels. Then the swastika sprouts a new arm, so that it has one apiece for the human figure's legs, arms and head. Arms and legs are bent as if in violent running motion, and the snaky hair streams out behind the head.

What it all means is rather difficult to guess. It may well be, however, that we have here a case of two peoples coming together, each bringing its own sun religion but with different symbols. Something of this kind occurred in later centuries, when the Greek Phoebeus became identified with the Roman Apollo.

Former Kaiser Wilhelm makes a great deal of the swastika's importance as a symbol of movement. "Behind movement," he says, "the human spirit sought the Godhead as energizing power. Man reflected this concept in his art and in his religious ceremonies.

"This happened not merely for esthetic or religious reasons, but had a decidedly practical purpose. 'Primitive' man likes to imitate the properties of the object of his respect, for he be-

lieves he can influence the course of nature or the will of the Deity through such magical practices. As is well known, many 'natural peoples' seek to ensure, through previous imitations of victory or success in the hunt, a fortunate outcome of their undertakings."

This stress on the importance of motion, of energy, as symbolized by the swastika, puts an even stranger aspect on the former Kaiser's complete silence on the man and party whose symbol it has become and who now are masters of the Reich he once ruled.



### Miserere

I, too, worked for this birth-control movement: preached it, shouted it almost from the housetops shamelessly; and today I see America breeding from the bottom and dying from the top because we won so thoroughly. I am not sure that it was good. We have solved one problem and we have created another that is immeasurably profounder.

I know what happened to Athens. Infanticide was raised to such a point that nobody raised children in Athens except the lowest of the low and the most barbaric of the immigrants. I know what happened to Rome. I know how Caesar almost scratched his head bald thinking how he might induce the Roman women to have children. He decreed that they should have no diamonds if they had no children, that they should have no jewels of one kind if they had none of the other. I know that Augustus passed law after law in the first decade of our Christian era almost 2,000 years ago, trying to stop this current of family limitation. I know, too, that all that legislation failed. I know that Rome at last had to till her soil with barbarians and slaves; and that, finally, the rapidly breeding immigrants overran Italy. It was the end of the Western Roman Empire.

Civilization has to kill itself before it can be conquered. That is one of the ways in which it does it. Rome was not conquered by barbarian invasion from without; she was conquered by barbarian multiplication from within. Perhaps you, too, will be conquered in that way. You worry yourselves so much about being invaded. You won't be invaded. You will be conquered from within, not from without.

Will Durant in *Proceedings of the 53rd Annual Convention, N. Y. State League of Savings and Loan Associations* (13 June '40).

# Loan Sharks and Their Victims

By WILLIAM TRUFANT FOSTER

Pounds of flesh

Condensed from the *Public Affairs* pamphlet\*

**It requires** sharp tactics to take in \$1,053 in nine years on an investment of \$20. Yet that is what an outlaw moneylender in Dallas, Texas, did with the greatest of ease.

In Florida, Georgia, Missouri, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Texas and Washington, and in at least a dozen other states, the bootleg lenders are kept in power by the law; not a law that says to them, "Go ahead, lend"; but a law that to legitimate companies says in effect, "Thou shalt *not* lend." The demand for small cash loans is so great that it must be met. It is met either inside or outside the law. Never has a campaign to enforce a 10% usury law prevented wage earners from borrowing money at 240%. The Kansas Supreme Court went so far as to declare loan shark offices to be disorderly houses and their contracts void; but hard-pressed Kansans kept on borrowing from these outlaw offices.

Thirty years of trial have shown that unlicensed lenders thrive unless the law permits maximum rates sufficiently high to enable licensed lenders to do business. The legal, stringently regulated personal-finance companies, now lending money in 30 states at a maximum permissible rate of 36%, and at

an actual rate considerably lower in most cases, are deadly enemies of the illegal, unregulated, 240% loan sharks. All the other legal lending agencies are enemies of the loan sharks, too. Next to the licensed finance companies and the commercial and industrial banks, the credit unions make greatest inroads on the business of the loan sharks.

Credit unions, however, are not now meeting the needs of a majority of hard-up borrowers. At the end of 1937, according to estimates by Rolf Nugent of the Russell Sage Foundation, their loans totaled \$93 million, compared with \$220 million for industrial banks and \$351 million for licensed personal finance companies.

Evidently the last-named are the first line of defense. To a far greater extent than any other agency, they meet the needs of those who, in the absence of a legal source of small loans, patronize the illegal 240% lenders.

The officers of the Russell Sage Foundation who drafted the first regulatory small-loan laws decided that a maximum rate of 3½% a month on unpaid balances was necessary in order to develop a legal business with which the 20%-per-month illegal business

\*Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City. January, 1940.

could not compete. Gradually, the legal maximum rates have been reduced, and the actual rates for a large proportion of borrowers have been reduced still further. When, however, the maximum rate on unpaid balances is 2% a month or lower, most of the legal lenders shut up shop and leave the state.

One of the illegal lenders let the victim in Dallas have \$20 to meet the costs of hospital care and charged him \$2.25 a week. That was in November, 1929. Every month after that until November, 1938, he renewed his note. By that time he had paid \$1,053 for the use of \$20, and he still owed the lending company more than he had borrowed. He had paid interest at the rate of 58½% a year. He had found that a little credit from the wrong source is a dangerous thing.

A group of civic agencies found that there were about 50,000 borrowers from illegal agencies in Dallas alone: one out of every four adults. Records of 2,554 loans from 72 illegal companies show that the borrowers had paid more than \$85,000 interest on \$55,757. Among the first 1,000 cases before the Anti-Usury Committee, the lowest interest rate a year was 120%, the average was 271%, and the highest was 1,131%. On the basis of these 1,000 complaints, the committee estimates that Dallas citizens pay illegal interest of \$1,262,420 a year.

Even in states where legal rates enable reputable lenders to operate, occasionally a keen loan shark evades

the law for months without getting caught. Zalewski certainly was keen. After the Uniform Small Loan Law in Kentucky had driven most of the loan sharks to Texas and other wide-open states, Zalewski was nonplussed for a moment. Since he could no longer make his 240% loans to Kentucky men from his Kentucky office, he sent applicants across the bridge to New Albany, Ind. There, Mr. Stanley turned out to be Zalewski's assistant who, across a single desk, carried on the business of several companies. Zalewski avoided regulation by beginning each transaction in one state and completing it in the other. To cover up his tracks still further, he put his companies through lightning changes. On the slightest hint of trouble, each went completely out of business, destroyed all written records, and was immediately succeeded by a new firm with a new name.

In several states, the loan sharks now escape regulation by means of the salary-buying dodge. Actually, they lend money; technically, they merely buy the right to collect a part of the victim's wages on the next payday. They cannot use this device in states that have the *complete* Uniform Small Loan Law, for section 16 declares that a salary purchase shall be deemed a loan, and therefore subject to all provisions of the law. Wherever the loan sharks have succeeded, by hook or by crook, in having section 16 omitted, they are

free, under the dodge of buying salaries, to charge for their loans whatever they please.

Before 1939, when salary buying was outlawed in Missouri, there were thousands of victims in Kansas City alone. In 1939, at a hearing on the Missouri bill to eliminate loan sharks, a group of young attorneys brought forward a streetcar operator. Here is his testimony, as reported by the Kansas City *Journal*:

"The victim appeared before the house committee and told his story so effectively and simply that he offset the arguments against the bill. Nine years ago, he said, he borrowed \$140 from a loan shark. He paid \$1,700 in interest and still owes the \$140. When unable to make interest payments, he said, he was shifted from loan shark to loan shark, until he finally owed seven of them. 'I couldn't have made it if my wife hadn't been working, too,' he said. 'I got so despondent I went home one day to turn on the gas. My wife talked me out of that. The boys [referring to the lawyers] have taken me out of the clutches of the loan sharks.'"

Most cases of this sort, however, do not come to light: the 240 percenters see to that. They exact their pound of flesh in ways that avoid the law. "It is almost impossible to obtain the records of these companies," says Attorney General McLain of Tennessee. "They hide their books from us."

They even go so far, sometimes, as to try to keep all the figures in their heads instead of running the risk of putting them down on paper.

Such hit-or-miss bookkeeping is a mark of business astuteness. Written records are embarrassing when they turn up in court, and loan sharks blacklist the borrower who demands a receipt; they suspect him of knowing too much about his legal rights.

The illicit lenders, it is true, regularly threaten to bring suit against borrowers who are behind in their payments and frequently start proceedings. Almost always, however, the lenders have a case dismissed at the last minute rather than run the risk of a trial.

In Missouri and in several other states, usury is only a misdemeanor. It is impossible, therefore, to get at the real owners of the loan-shark chains if the owners are across state lines. This often means that only the agents can be reached, not the culprits higher up and farther away. In Texas, the business of the illegal chain is carried on by agents who maintain that they own no property, not even their office desks. To conceal ownership, a chain sometimes operates its illegal branches under different names and the managers refuse to tell who the real owners are.

So successfully do the illegal chains of offices conceal ownership of their branch offices that when the local manager of one office in Minnesota ran

away with all the funds, the operators of the chain, located in another state, could not prove that they owned the office. This seems to show that they were stupid; but they collect so much interest at 240% that they can afford to lose, now and then, all the money in a branch office.

Another end play which the law dodgers work to avoid tacklers is illustrated by a recent case in Massachusetts. Since the Uniform Small Loan Law covers only loans of \$300 or less, a lender who is not licensed sometimes has his victim sign a note for \$301, lends him, let us say, only \$200, and charges interest on the fictitious \$301.

When there was a large increase in relief payments to the unemployed in Minneapolis, the illegal lenders promptly cashed in. The fact that borrowers were on relief, instead of stopping the lenders, prompted them to lend freely, because they knew exactly when and where the government checks would be paid and were always on the spot to make collections. Loan sharks collect tribute even from inmates of the National Old Soldiers' Home, in the District of Columbia, whose only incomes are small pensions.

All businessmen try to keep paying customers on their books. The illegal lenders succeed in doing so by not allowing customers to make partial payments on the principal. Naturally, when a man with a family to support

on \$30 a week is so hard-pressed that he must borrow \$20 and has no security to offer, he cannot contrive to pay back the \$20 in a lump sum. He can, however, pay \$1 a week as interest. So the loan shark hooks him for life (or until he finds legal aid) by refusing to accept part payment of the principal.

Such tactics are prevented by the Uniform Small Loan Law now in effect in a majority of states. That law requires all lenders who are licensed under it to accept part payments at any time and immediately to cease charging interest on the part repaid.

That the charges of illegal lenders have finally driven many wage earners into bankruptcy is evident from records produced in the U. S. District Court.

Ingenious as are the loan sharks in setting traps, they are equally facile in torturing their captives. A blow with a lead pipe in a dark alley (the kind of argument used in the cases which Mr. Dewey prosecuted in New York City) is one of the less refined and more humane of the collection methods. Other methods cause prolonged worry, destitution, and sometimes suicide.

Usually the victim, to obtain a loan, is required to sign papers which he does not understand. Later on, the amounts to be paid are filled in by the lender with such figures as suit his fancy. Sometimes the borrower signs a paper that he is told is an as-

signment of wages but really is not; at other times, he signs a paper which *is* an assignment of wages but is said not to be. In either case, when the borrower fails to pay on the due date, the lender threatens him with the loss of his job. This method is effective because all employers dislike wage assignments. Indeed, in some establishments a wage assignment, brought to light, means a discharge. It is a pity that not all employers are aware that this rule plays directly into the hands of the loan sharks.

In other cases the borrower is made to sign a paper which turns out to be a check on a bank in which the borrower has no account. Then, if he fails to pay up, the lender threatens to "put the law on him" for passing a bad check. Equally effective at times is the lender's threat to tell the borrower's wife about the debt.

These methods and many others are effective only because most of the men and women who get into the clutches of illegal lenders are unaware of their legal rights and unable to employ legal aid.

It takes ability to get high-minded men and women to do your work for you; but that is what the loan sharks have done. Campaigns for the repeal of the Small Loan Law or for the reduction of rates to unworkable levels are carried on every year by the joint efforts of reformers, who are trying to help the poor borrower, and by loan

sharks, who are trying to rob him. Without such aid, the loan shark could not succeed, as he still does succeed in some states, against the opposition of all social agencies.

Outlaw lenders have prevented the following 21 states from passing completely effective small loan laws: Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kansas, Mississippi, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Washington, Wyoming. Thirteen states rely on unworkable usury laws.

Indicative of the far-flung undercover influence of the high-rate lenders is the fact that they still operate in the District of Columbia, over which Congress has complete control. Clearly, the people as a whole underestimate the abilities and financial resources of men whose loan balances increased from \$24 million at the end of 1923 to \$76 million at the end of 1937, and who are still reaping illegal profits of at least \$100 million a year.

When other tricks fail, and a bill is about to be passed under which legitimate companies can operate, the loan sharks have attempted to bribe honest legislators to vote *for* the bill. Thus, they cause an outburst of righteous indignation *against* the bill. Even when no bribes are offered, it is customary for the loan sharks to see to it that at least one member of the legislature rises, just

before a vote is taken, and denounces the advocates of the bill for trying to bribe him. This usually prevents some members from voting for the bill, lest they be suspected of bribe-taking.

Yet they depend more on finesse than on finance. Sometimes they kill a sound bill by gaining the aid of a single politician.

In 1939, on many legislative fronts, the fights were hotter than ever. In Georgia, a Uniform Small Loan bill was defeated at the last moment by a narrow margin. In Texas and in Oklahoma, also, last-minute shifts among the legislators left these states in the clutches of the high-raters. In Florida, a regulatory bill was defeated when, in the last few minutes of the session, its passage seeming certain, a senator who opposed the bill struck with his cane a senator who favored the bill, and thus threw the Senate into confusion. Since then, however, Joseph A. Padway, counsel for the A. F. of L. has begun against the Florida loan sharks the proceedings which he successfully conducted in Minnesota.

In Washington, a regulatory bill failed to pass by only two votes, with the governor eager to sign it. In Alabama, the Senate Committee on Banking unanimously endorsed a sound bill, the first time this has happened in Alabama. Apparently, better days are near for the hard-pressed wage earners in the loan shark centers of Washington and Alabama. Today, however, in these states and others, most of the borrowers continue to pay a rate several times as high as they pay in the 26 states that now effectively control the business.

Rarely do the outlaws recapture any territory that they have lost. The chief stronghold which they lost in 1939 is Minnesota. The new law should enable that state to clean up one of the worst situations in the entire country. Enforcement will be aided by a recent decision of the Minnesota Supreme Court which declares that any high-rater who persists in cheating needy borrowers is a public nuisance. Much credit for all this is due the American Federation of Labor.



One Sunday, two burglars, Paddy the Irishman and Paddy the Scotsman, were deep in the vaults of a bank. They were doing a job on a safe.

Paddy the Irishman was handling the drill and the lamps and the dynamite, and because everything was going as he wished, he began to whistle blithely.

Then the Scotsman downed his tools and declared he was on strike. After saying some suitable words, Paddy the Irishman inquired what was wrong.

"I don't object," said Paddy the Scotsman indignantly, "to doing a little bit of a job like this, but whistling on the Sabbath! Oh, no, me laddie."

The [Dublin] Standard (20 Sept. '40).

# Christ the King

By CATHERINE DE HUECK

The blessed in Harlem

Condensed from the *Social Forum*\*

The man was sleeping on the wide steps of an old brownstone house, when the early morning sun touched his tired, thin face. Strange how light and shadows play tricks on one's memory! Where had I seen before that wide forehead, that drawn-out face, full of pain even in repose? Why did those wide-flung arms remind me of other arms flung out just as wide?

As I was standing there, musing, the man woke up, looked around, and into his eyes came such a look of sorrow and loneliness that involuntarily I turned my face away. It seemed almost indecent to see a naked human soul revealing itself!

Noticing me, and yet as if addressing himself and the world at large, he said in the soft accent of the South, "Another day and nothing more in it than yesterday."

Emboldened, I asked why he was sleeping on other people's steps. "Lady," he answered, "I'm only a poor Negro, without friends, money or work. I just came from the South. I have nowhere to go, nowhere to lay my head but on other people's steps: if the cops will let me!"

Then in a flash I knew: Christ in the Negro stood before me, saying, "Foxes have holes, and the birds of the air

nests: but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head."

Tremblingly I invited the man to have a cup of coffee in a near-by lunch-room, after which I put him in touch with the proper organization which would take care of him for at least a few days. But my mind was filled with a dream, and in my ears a Voice kept whispering, "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." There is nothing wrong, is there, in dreaming that some fairy prince or princess might come along and donate a house, or the rent for one, so that Harlem could have its own St. Christopher Inn, where men like the one I met could come to find charity, food and shelter given gently in the name of Christ? Perhaps in time that house could have a chapel, and a resident chaplain who would feed the hungry hearts and souls, and bring many of them back to their Father's House. And surely, among 20 million American Catholics there would be one or two men who would really want to follow in the footsteps of Francis and, taking poverty for their companion, live at the house and run it for those who have nowhere to lay their heads.

Perhaps it is just a dream. But are

not our far-flung missions all the result of dreams, boys' and girls' dreams of serving Christ in the distant lands beyond the seas?

The little girl was only five. But her face was pinched, and had that tired and wise look that is often seen on the faces of slum children in big cities.

Her eyes traveled slowly from the dollar bill clutched tightly in her little hand, to the face of the young lady who had given it to her. "What are you going to do with it, child," the lady asked, "buy lots of candy?"

"No," answered the child, "I will give it to my mother to buy milk and something good to eat. We have been eating black bean mush for so long!"

"I was hungry and you gave Me to eat."

The line was growing every minute. It had begun before 8 A. M., and the doors of the clothes room opened at 9. In the basement of a friendly rectory, weary workers tried to do justice to all clients and work fast at the same time, because outside the wind was bitterly cold and the thought of all these patient people, ill clad, shivering, was spurring them on.

Outside, the people in the line huddled closer, seeking warmth from one another. Among them a young woman stood unnaturally straight, holding in her arms a tiny baby, wrapped in an old blanket. Suddenly she swayed, like a reed in a strong wind, and then fell in a little moaning heap, unconsciously

protecting the baby with her body.

Eager hands brought her into the warm room, gentle hands strove to open her thin coat under which only a slip was found. Slowly she came to. "So sorry," she said, "to be such a nuisance, but we have had nothing to eat for five days, and I sold my last dress yesterday for 25c; that is why I was waiting in the line hoping to get another one."

"I was naked and you covered Me."

Harlem is sizzling in a heat wave. The crowds mill hopelessly in the street. The overcrowded houses stand like hot furnaces and grin evilly. The hot, dry, dusty pavements reflect the pitiless sun. A swarm of little children play in the streets, dodging roaring trucks.

We are trying to make a camp list. Before us lie many sheets of paper covered with names and addresses. There are 400 names, and we can only send 42! Each name a tragedy of poverty and misery, each name a tale of dark, hot, overcrowded flats, each name crying piteously to heaven for justice. Which shall we choose?

How can we picture the misery of Harlem, where 350,000 human beings are herded in 40 blocks?

Mary M., just a name, but we keep remembering the evening we dropped in to see her, and found her mother rocking silently, while tears fell one by one down her cheeks. Little Mary, frightened, was holding her hand,

while seven other children sat huddled on a rickety sofa. The father had just died of T. B. There was nothing to eat. Some red tape interfered with immediate relief. Slowly we pieced the tragedy together. Can we include thin little Mary in the list?

How can we picture to others the tragedy of a childhood that never saw flowers and grass grow? It must be the heat that keeps substituting His holy face for those of little Negro children playing listlessly in the broiling sun. God's face in ebony. Names on the list blur and assume the appearance of a photoprint.

There is Joseph. Why do we keep seeing a narrow, dark passage leading to a house in the back, evil-smelling stairs, a little room with a window in a shaft, no sunlight, no air: Joseph's home and that of his four sisters and brothers, and his mother, who alone battles the world, keeping her little family together against all odds?

The fat lady waddled importantly through the street swinging an equally fat purse carelessly in her hand. She looked at the sea of colored faces that met her eyes everywhere; haughtily she tried to dodge contact with the passer-by, her face showing in turn, disgust, displeasure and anger.

The man at the corner said to himself that he could not stand it any longer: the smell of the cooking food that came to him through the open door of the drugstore.

When was it he had last eaten? Tuesday? What day of the week was this anyhow? He might as well lie down on this very pavement and die. Suddenly the pavement seemed to come up and hit him, now it was going round and round with a fat lady carelessly swinging a fat pocketbook in the middle of it. He closed his eyes, opened them again; the fat lady was real. There she stood, pocketbook and all. Something burst in his head. Pocketbook, money: coffee, bacon, eggs, weiners, sauerkraut!

Unconsciously his hand shot out and then he was running as fast as his weak legs could carry him. He heard the thunder of many feet behind him, loud cries of "Stop the thief" reached him as through a haze. He made a last mighty effort and collapsed into the arms of a blue uniform with brass buttons.

Out of the prison window he could see a bit of blue sky, a man with a rifle on his shoulder passing at regular intervals; and then when the light was just right, a strange shadow would fall on his floor. It looked, yes, it did, like the shadow of a man carrying a big cross.

"I was in prison and you came to Me."

"As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me." These stories, these sketches, are taken out of life, the life of Friendship House, in Harlem, New York City,

where 350,000 Negroes live in 40 blocks, where two out of three are without work, on relief. Twenty-nine communist centers are successfully active. Thirty-two thousand of the colored population are Catholics, saintly priests and nuns are working 18 hours

a day trying to save their own souls and help other souls find God. But there are so few, and the laity who, according to His Holiness, should be the eyes and hands and feet of the priests, are afraid to keep a rendezvous with Christ in the Negro.



## Religion and Politics

By MAURICE S. SHEEHY

Condensed from a bulletin\*

**A union** of religion and civil authority is commonly considered alien to the American tradition. This is due largely to a confusion of terms. We now enjoy and always have had a union of Church and state in this country—if we mean by union a working understanding.

A member of the Czecho-Slovak commission which visited Pope Pius XI at the time that government was assuming form, quoted the pontiff as saying that a union of Church and state, such as existed in the U. S. and Brazil, was commendable. In what sense have we such a union or working agreement? In the sense that every man is free to worship God as he pleases; in the acceptance of the Decalogue as the moral basis of civil law; in repudiation of polygamy; in the

protection of the Lord's day by civil legislation; in the usual exemption of church property from taxation; in supplying chaplains to our armed forces; in setting aside one day each year for thanksgiving to God; in opening our legislative assemblies with prayer. All this has been achieved without prejudice to the interests of any religious group.

Atheistic societies occasionally complain against a practice which indicates that this nation is legally God-fearing. Such action is consistent with atheistic communism, but it is inconsistent with the American tradition which is fundamentally, as regards freedom, the basis of authority, and insistence upon the divine origin of human rights, the Catholic tradition.

There is a remarkable parallelism in

\*Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C. Sept. 26, 1940.

the words of the great Catholic jurist of the 16th century, Robert Bellarmine,\* and those of Jefferson. This similarity becomes more than a mere coincidence when we find the words of Bellarmine still intact in the library of Jefferson now kept in our Library of Congress.

The Catholic Church has ever held that man has certain rights as man, rights which come not from the state but from God. Or, as Pope Leo XIII writes in *The Christian Constitution of States*, "All public power must proceed from God. For God alone is the supreme Lord of the world. Everything, without exception, must be subject to Him, so that whosoever holds the right to govern holds it from one sole and single source, namely, God, the sovereign Ruler of all. There is no power but from God."

During the last 19 centuries, the Church has seen the rise and fall of many nations. It has not sought to determine the particular form of government, whether monarchical, aristocratic, or democratic. Pope Leo XIII wrote, "The government may take this or that form, provided only that it be of a nature to insure the general welfare."

The particular means by which governments achieve their objectives are sometimes called politics. We Catholics in this country have generally subscribed to the slogan, "Religion should not mix in politics." And yet we

would be the first to challenge the proposition that the state can do no wrong, and that whatever the state commands must be done regardless of the consciences of its citizens. We shall render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's where the law is not obviously unjust.

At the present time I am unable to recall any federal statute which would be considered intrinsically immoral. Only in regard to one fundamental point of social justice do we protest as Catholics: we maintain and always will maintain that it is unfair for Catholics to be obliged to support two school systems: the public school, no matter what its intrinsic merits, and the Catholic school, the creation of our Catholic consciences, the school which is in accord with the earliest American tradition of a religious school.

For the fact that the Catholic conscience is not offended by the code of civil law we must thank a vast number of non-Catholic legislators, for we Catholics have played a minor role in the legislation of this country.

The problem of the relationship of religion and politics is far from simple. All my priestly life has been spent in the classroom where I have attempted so to present the Catholic teachings in regard to justice and charity as to touch the consciences of future Catholic leaders. Is that mixing in politics? The Catholic who holds public office, no matter how high the office, can never

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Nov., 1940, p. 48.

exempt himself from the jurisdiction of his own conscience.

Twelve years ago the forces of bigotry were released in a presidential campaign by those who maintained that a good Catholic could not be a good citizen. We defend the proposition that a good Catholic cannot be other than a good citizen. I am sure that we were all thrilled when we heard a great Catholic leader explain his conduct to a national political convention recently in these words, "I have pursued a course here that has been dictated by the deepest convictions, and when a man fails to follow his sincere convictions, no matter how unpleasant the consequences, he is false to himself, false to his party, and false to his country."

And yet the effort to coerce any Catholic group, as a Catholic group, to support a particular party or candidate would, in this country, lead to disaster. We need only recall how futile the efforts of the Center Party in Germany were when the Catholics who had segregated themselves politically sought to protect the interests of the Church, or how helpless the Catholic party in Italy was when came the hour of trial. Nor need we go so far distant for examples of an unfortunate alliance of Catholic groups and political activities. The Catholics who sought to identify the Church in Mexico with the tyrannical Diaz government did a disservice to future generations of Cath-

olics. In the Spanish-speaking countries of South America, the various states often sought to entrench themselves by demanding the right to appoint bishops. This right the Church guarded zealously for herself because it is indispensable to the freedom of the Church. In 1870, President Blanco of Venezuela insisted that the Archbishop of Caracas chant a *Te Deum* to celebrate his political victory over the Conservative party. When the Archbishop refused, he was banished.

I can foresee no greater tragedy for the Catholic Church in the U. S. than that which would be involved in alliance with a political party. Such an alliance might seem temporarily expedient, but in the long run it would mean persecution, intolerance, and a loss of that prestige which has been gained by remaining aloof from political campaigns.

There are five obvious dangers if the Church becomes involved in the politics of our day:

1. Political issues are often obscure. For that reason an exemplary Catholic may be sincere in his advocacy of either of our great political parties. Three times during the past year, Catholic groups which professed to act as Catholic groups, have interested themselves in particular legislation and found themselves marching shoulder to shoulder with the forces of communism. That is a matter of public record.

2. If the Church is going to act on

any issue, it must function as an army with both officers and men going into action. We priests are the officers, and we know very little about political science. Moreover, we have as priests a gigantic task confronting us. The last religious census shows that over 50% of the people of this country profess no religion. As long as there are 65 million people in this country who have no religion, who know nothing about Christ, perhaps have never heard of Him, our job as priests is cut out for us: and it is not in politics.

3. In the few instances where a religious group, as in the case of the 18th Amendment, sought to project its wish upon the people, egregious blunders were committed and the whole cause of religion suffered. Recently I read the statement, "Religion may enter the political arena whenever a moral issue is at stake." But who is to decide what is a moral issue? That decision can come only from the bishop. I doubt very much whether in his life-

time a bishop will be called upon to make a half dozen such decisions.

4. Where a religious group endorses any party or candidate in one section of the country, it may jeopardize the interests of the same group in another section. Neither of our political parties has ever had a monopoly on either wisdom or tolerance. By winning a battle, a religious group may also lose a war.

5. The lust for power should be foreign to any religion. Religion relies upon persuasion and education to achieve its ends; the state has a police force and penitentiaries. If the relationship of religious and civil authorities is too intimate, as happened in the case of the Spanish Inquisition, religion will have some explaining to do.

I hope that I have not given the impression that religion should be indifferent to civic movements. It is interested both in helping men save their souls and in helping them to enjoy to the utmost the goods of this earth.



### *Fashion Note*

That the present Holy Father is concerned only with the elimination of immodesty and has a remarkably sympathetic understanding of the style requirements of the modern girl is shown in his statement that their Catholic Action leaders should show them how to be "modern, cultivated, sporting, graceful, natural and distinguished without giving way to all the vulgarities of worldly style." This should set aside all fears that the Church wants Catholic girls to look like something out of Queen Victoria's album. *Vogue* is not on the *Index*.

*America* (19 Oct. '40).

# Never Sass a Sergeant

Public advice for privates

By BUCK PRIVATE

Condensed from *Columbia*\*

**Young men** must be wondering now, "What's it like, this army life? I can tell them. It's restful. An escape from strain. For the privates, at least.

I don't know about generals; at least not more than you'd learn marching by one, eyes right. For in three years of soldiering, from the Mexican border, to France and return, I never had occasion to talk with a general. One time in Neufchateau, France, I did see Pershing get off a train. He wouldn't recall it, but I was the private who ducked behind a freight car. Vacationing in a local hospital, and weary of the hospital fare, I had taken French leave and a borrowed five francs, to dine at the station restaurant. But I saw the general first, and brought that five francs right back to the hospital.

No. You can't learn from me about generals. Sergeants, yes. And they matter. They are really important. The spark plugs of the army machine, the shock absorbers and the bumpers that hit you first. Don't quarrel with sergeants.

If you don't, and you have a normal digestion and mind, you'll find army life peaceful, in more ways than one, a relief and rest. Seriously, in a strange deep way, the military discipline makes for freedom and peace. With your

civilian clothes you lay aside the strain of civilian living; the indecisions, frustrations and gropings. And so presently you relax, and start thinking, "When do we eat?"

I remember when we went to France, jammed in a converted banana boat, zigzagging all day and running nights without lights to escape torpedoes. Packed down below decks, like matches in a box, do you know what we worried about? The sailors had a mess of their own, and the rumor was they had hot cakes for breakfast. That made us doughboys restless.

In civil life each day brings its problems, great and small. Shall I tell the boss what I think of him? Shall I write this article? What should I eat for my lunch? In the army, how different! Someone else does your problems and gives you the answers. When the bugle blows, you get up; when the company hikes, you hike, and without debate.

At lunch time, no question of diets; you just hold out your mess kit. Goldfish or canned willy, prunes, or the kind of bread pudding we called "boiled baby." You eat.

Once a month or so, the captain would drop in on us, with the mess sergeant in attendance. The noise of

our eating would stop, for the captain to ask, "Any complaints, men?" There were never any complaints. There were men in that outfit who later won medals for bravery in action, but never a hero to stand on his feet and tell the captain, "The chow is lousy." And it wasn't the captain we feared. The mess sergeant was an ex-pugilist. And the cook, in his cups, broke chairs and tables.

You learn about men in the school of the army. In later life I got to be a college professor. And the mistakes I made at my work came more often from the lessons I learned in graduate school, than the lessons I learned in the infantry.

Take courage as an example. Most men have it at times, and few men have it all the time. For instance, that policeman with whom I soldiered. On the force, on his own beat, the man was a lion. There was a killer loose in his district once. A huge insane beast, who knifed his victims. My friend the policeman went looking for him, found his hideout in the cellar of an abandoned tenement. He waited all night for the madman, crouched in the dark in the coalbin. In the dark, he heard the killer's cautious feet creaking down the stairs. And my friend received him, not with gunfire but with his night-stick. His coat ripped and slashed, he hauled that madman out of the cellar, up the street to a box. And went home to breakfast. Only

chains could have kept me in that cellar, waiting.

But during the war I came into a town a mile behind the lines with that same policeman. It was just at dusk, with only a few star shells on the horizon to show where the war was. We reported to division headquarters, turned over the car we'd driven up, and came down to the street. The old town was as quiet as a church. The policeman was in a cheery mood, a "bundle of frances and nothing to do till tomorrow" mood.

Standing there on the sidewalk, he breathed deeply and sighed with content. "Now, then," he said to me jovially, "what about those Heinies? Where is this war I've been hearing about?" Neatly, beautifully timed for an answer, noise ripped the night, and the house on the corner collapsed and lay down in the street. When the dust settled and I got to my feet, the policeman was running. I could not catch him. No disrespect to the man; he served throughout the war, honorably, and went home with a sergeant's stripes. It was merely that one shell caught him off-guard. He wasn't braced for it.

I suspect that most of the heroic feats were performed by men who instinctively knew that anything is better than doing nothing, and waiting for the shell with your number on it. And the amazing thing is, in any battle, the thousands of shells that haven't

anyone's number. Then your time comes and you go.

The most tragic death I saw in France was after the Armistice: a boy of 19 who had come through unscratched; months in the trenches without so much as a whiff of gas. We were in a troop train, a leave train, headed south for the Riviera. The war behind us and home ahead.

As the train crawled south through the brown November countryside, the boy was telling me happily about what he would do when he reached New York. His mother and his girl would come to meet him, and bring him a suit of civvies. And in his civvies he'd "comb the main drag," and every time he met an officer, he'd walk all around him, not saluting. He had the letter in his pocket then to mail, telling his mother what kind of a suit he wanted, and a blue polka-dot tie.

The train stopped. The sergeant stuck his head in to us and bawled, "Three-minute stop. Nobody out." The boy protested, showing his letter to mail. "O. K., you," the sergeant growled, "make it snappy." And grinning, he added, "Tough luck for the old folks, hearing you're coming home." Sergeants were like that.

Before the boy could get out of the coach he was burdened with a half dozen canteens, mine among others, to get them filled with *vin rouge* at the station buffet. We watched him run across the tracks and disappear through

the station door with his impedimenta.

All along the train now was a row of heads, good-natured voices asking the solitary M. P. on the station platform, "Who won the war?" "The M. P.'s," someone would answer. Then a chorus of boos and rude noises. The M. P. strode, swinging his stick, superbly indifferent. The *chef de gare*, by the telegraph office, pulled his walrus moustache, studying these strange Americans. What were they mad about now? You could see his French face thinking, "*Pas gentil. Pas gentil.*" One must admit it, these *garçons d'Amérique*, they were not polite.

The rails flashed back the sun, and a switching engine coughed steam. Up ahead, the little group of Sam Brownes were climbing back into their first-class carriage; the *chef de gare* looked at his watch, moved out to the edge of the platform and blew his whistle. I was watching the door to the station buffet, mildly concerned for my friend, my canteen and my change. The train shuddered, clanked, stirred ahead, and the boy came running, cradling the full canteens in his arms, laughing over them as he ran. The train was picking up slowly. There was plenty of time. The boy was beside us now, running along, still laughing, reaching up to get rid of the canteens before he jumped aboard. A little pile of cinders along the right of way. His foot hit them, and he disappeared. The train jolted. Whistles blew, and it stopped.

When I saw him, they had him on the floor of the baggage room, a blanket over his lower body. He had called for me, and they moved aside to let me to him. His eyes recognized me, but it took him a moment to speak, with the last of his strength. A muttering I had to stoop to catch. "Went to Communion Sunday. Write and tell Ma." His hand was groping at his pocket. Something he wanted me to get. But he couldn't make it. He just grinned and died. It wasn't that letter in his pocket, just a handful of silver and franc notes, the change that belonged to the gang. He had mailed the letter. I always hoped the War Department wire reached his mother before she went out and bought that polka-dot tie.

It's hard going in the army for men who believe in nothing. At home, surrounded by loved ones to whom he's all important, the agnostic may make himself believe that he's a fine fellow, a significant bit of living matter. But in the army, just a name on the rolls, and a number on his dog tag. One of a million, marching with men who will say when he's dead, "Too bad about Bill. He was a good old sock." And then will duck out the back of the tent to escape the digging detail that buries Bill. In the army, the agnostic knows a terrible loneliness. I've seen such men groping back for childhood prayers. I've seen other such men go to pieces.

Men with the faith have an inner resistance, a deep nourishing certainty that they *do* matter, that something of them survives besides the barrack bag that goes back to salvage. Not that they're angels, all the soldiers with scapulars. Saints don't make sergeants.

I soldiered with one lad, a grizzled child of sin, if I ever knew one, and I must admit, an Irishman, too. A soldier of misfortune who had served in India under the queen, had fought in China and the Philippines, and in barrooms all over the world. A saddle-leather face, and a body of steel and rope. He could outmarch, outshoot, and outpunch any man in the outfit. He used to be our drill sergeant, the best man in the company until payday, then absent without leave till his pay was gone.

Thereafter, for a week or two, you'd see him in guardhouse dungarees; demanding cigarettes, he'd call down to you from the back of the garbage truck, or up from the floor of a ditch. And if you were wise, you'd give him your last smoke, for presently he'd be back in the company, and acting sergeant again until next payday.

Our first winter in France, in training for our first trip up to the lines, the sergeant gave me a good deal of his society. I had a few, a very few, francs tucked away, and the sergeant had an instinct in such matters. And so, in the dim light of the kitchen inn that we called, without any reason at



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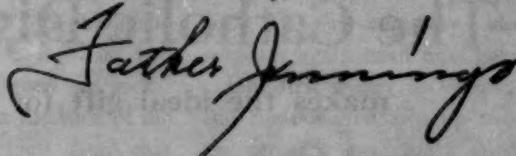
During the past year you have been receiving THE CATHOLIC DIGEST and have met several of the world's greatest writers. You have welcomed into your home through the pages of the DIGEST, Hilaire Belloc, Mortimer Adler, Daniel Sargent, Arnold Lunn, Ed Doherty and hundreds of others.

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—ARNOLD LUNN

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all, "The Bucket of Blood," the sergeant would sit, turning my francs into his beer, and telling me the saga of Dennis. Riots and rows around the curve of the world. And he mentioned once, casually, that he hadn't been to confession since the end of the Spanish-American War.

A young lad myself, out of a Catholic college, I was shocked and distressed. "I don't see how you dare go up to the front," I told him. And bluntly, doing my duty, "You may be in hell in a month." "Not me," he said untroubled. And then he told me, the foolish villain, that he had had a grand mother, a living saint she was. And all the novenas she'd made, that her Dennis, wherever he was, would die with the sacraments. "So I will," the wretch assured me. "*See voo play ancor.* The beer." Then to me proudly, "Hear that, son? I can always talk to the natives."

I liked the man and I worried about him, and kept after him to go to the K. of C. hut, and confession, each Saturday night. He wouldn't. "Listen, kid," he told me at last, his patience exhausted, "I can't. I'd be there on my knees A. W. O. L. for a week."

And the orders came suddenly to move up to the line. In a hurry. Some *poilus* were getting homesick or something. And the boxcars were lined up and waiting. That last afternoon the chaplain reached us. Poor man, sat on a stool in a tent, with an Irish regiment lined up waiting to go to confession. So each in turn, we would march in and kneel. "Bless me, Father, for I have sinned—" then before we were fairly started, his reverence would interrupt to ask sternly, "Are you truly sorry for all your sins? Do you firmly intend to tell every one of them?" Or words to that effect. "Five *Hail Marys* and five *Our Fathers*. Go in peace, child." Marching in, I met Sergeant Dennis coming out, and he wore a smile like a daybreak in June. Don't think I approve of him, I'm just telling you. The sergeant was the second man killed in our company.

And now I must stop, and I can't find a moral to end with. Except maybe this: the new army will be different, mobile and mechanized, new guns and equipment. Everything different, except the sergeants. The sergeants won't change. If you go into the army—don't quarrel with sergeants.



### Inconsistency

We are always complaining that our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end to them.—*Seneca*.

# Screwballs Extraordinary

By ROBERT A. SENSER

Jitterbugs at work

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

These people are "nuts." They have been called screwballs extraordinary. To the material world their way of thinking and acting is crazy. It doesn't bother the youngsters a bit. They go merrily on, with the enthusiasm of jitterbugs.

They are members of the organization called *Cisca*, meaning Chicago Inter-Student Catholic Action. All students of Catholic high schools and colleges in Chicago, 20,000 individuals, are potential members of *Cisca*. Some 3,000 of these, from about 90 schools, are active members. However, true-blue Ciscans number about 1,000. This last group is the real spark plug of the entire organization.

*Cisca*'s purpose is to turn out cadets of Catholic Action. With the thoroughness of West Pointers, Ciscans study their duties in the army of Christ, and catch the spirit of their Leader. Unlike West Pointers, they get into the front lines at once.

Down at *Cisca* meetings, Jake had heard a lot about racial equality, about how no Catholic could in conscience discriminate against Negroes. Of course, Jake didn't dream that he'd ever run up against a situation which would test his belief in this.

He was riding in a rather crowded

elevated train one day. There were only two seats empty in the car, one next to Jake and one next to a man reading a newspaper. A Negro came down the aisle and sat down with the man holding the paper. The man glanced at the Negro, dropped his paper to the floor, and got up angrily. He crossed the aisle and seated himself next to Jake.

Almost everyone in the car had seen the incident which seemed to be ended there. But it wasn't.

"Pardon me," said Jake to the man who sat next to him, as he brushed past. Jake crossed the aisle and sat down next to the colored man.

That's a practical illustration of what Ciscans mean when they talk about "daring to be different."

Two years ago Ciscans got wind of the fact that a big downtown department store was selling figurine whiskey decanters of Our Lady of Guadalupe. *Cisca* rolled into action. Two girls went to the store's glassware department and, after verifying the reports, asked, "May we see the manager, please?"

The saleslady suspected trouble. She was sorry, but the manager was busy. In fact he would be busy for an hour.

"We'll wait." The woman put on

\*1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. November, 1940.

the disappearing act. The manager showed up in ten minutes. The girls calmly explained the complaint to him. He listened but said that he couldn't see why liquor decanters in the shape of Our Lady of Guadalupe should be disrespectful to the Virgin.

When the two Ciscans returned to school, things started popping. Students' parents, many of them with charge accounts at the offending department store, flooded it with 800 letters. The decanters were withdrawn.

The same year a fiery evangelist named L. G. King was beginning to draw big crowds every night on Chicago's North Side with his attacks on the Catholic Church. By way of clinching his "exposé" of the Church he tossed a big rosary on the floor, and hopped up and down on it.

For more than two weeks Ciscans attended the meetings. They made no public disturbance, but used a more effective tactic. Through individual contact, they gave out Catholic pamphlets and spoke to many in the audience. Mr. King didn't like it at all.

Then one evening a few Ciscans cornered Mr. King privately and challenged him to a debate. Mr. King didn't like that either. He muttered that he'd be willing to debate, but only with the Cardinal. A short time later Mr. King quietly left town, promising that he'd come back the next year. He didn't.

Now let's see just what makes Cisca

tick. The organization is divided into four main committees: Eucharistic-Our Lady, Apostolic, Literature, and Social Action. From these four committees and their 50 subcommittees come all Cisca's doings.

Tops on the list is the Eucharistic-Our Lady Committee. That's because Ciscans realize that Catholic Action springs from personal holiness. They try to develop a spontaneity in things spiritual, thereby creating a catapult for all their activities.

The Retreat Committee, besides urging Ciscans themselves to make retreats, has worked out a "personal contact" plan which assists Catholic pupils in public schools to attend retreat exercises. Trying out the idea for the first time, 246 Ciscans from St. Mary's High School (girls) accompanied 230 public-school girls, along with 80 not going to school, through all the six retreat exercises, doing their best to make the day as pleasant as possible.

Cisca's spiritual program doesn't pull any punches. In the afternoon of the first Sunday of each month about 800 Ciscans stream from all parts of the city to a Holy Hour at Notre Dame Church. Gathering steam is the Live-the-Mass Club, with a platform that advocates daily Mass and Communion, and influencing others to do likewise. The club doesn't stop there, but underlines the importance of having that Mass and Communion radiate through every action.

"Integrated Catholicism" is one of their favorite themes. "If tomorrow all the Catholics on the globe would live entirely according to Christian principles," a Ciscan said at a meeting, "tomorrow would be a different day."

In the last two years at least 40 well-known members of Cisca have entered the religious state. But don't get the idea that Cisca tries to make nuns and priests out of everybody. Take, for instance, the case of Lou and Jinny, two college students who met frequently at Cisca meetings. Their friendship ripened, and Lou has just given Jinny a diamond ring.

As a part of the Apostolic Committee's work, about 200 Ciscans help teach music, crafts, sewing, and athletics to the 15,000 children from six to 15 years old who attend the 35 CYO summer schools in Chicago.

In its campaign to stimulate interest in Catholic literature, the Literature Committee last year disseminated more than 200,000 Catholic magazines and newspapers. The school heading the Dissemination Committee, St. Constance, practicing what it preached, installed a free lending pamphlet library in the vestibule of a parish church. This year Cisca distributed 1,000 copies of a summer reading list, select books from its top-notch free lending library of 800 volumes.

During the annual communist May Day parade more than two dozen Cisca volunteers are stationed on corners all

along the line of march in the downtown section. As communists sell their *Daily Worker*, Ciscans distribute the *Catholic Worker* and other Catholic publications. In doing this, some of them have been slugged.

This May, Ciscans sold about 2,500 copies of the *Catholic Worker*. They used to give the paper away free, even though many copies were thrown away by the marchers. Last year a *Daily Worker* vendor stepped up to a Ciscan and said, "Why don't you try to sell your paper? Here, give me some of those." At a cent apiece, he sold 50 copies.

In May, the Literature Committee started a new project that it hopes to continue annually. To further interest in Christian art, Cisca sponsored the three-week Creative Christian Art Exhibit in the Morrison Hotel. On display was original art work by Cisca schools, productions ranging from a charm necklace carved from crayola, through a marionette of *The Wizard of Oz*, to a huge mural of St. Francis of Assisi.

The Social Action Committee means just what its name says: action. The chaplain of the Cook County Hospital asks for articles to be used as minor prizes in free "keno" games for the entertainment of tubercular patients, and Cisca sends the requested items in big boxes: manicure sets, perfume, shaving soap, bracelets, decks of cards, tooth powder, watches. The House of

Hospitality (for destitute men) and Maryhouse (for women) need dishwashers, and more than two dozen Ciscans take care of the work, bringing along food and clothes contributions from fellow Ciscans.

The blind need braille books, and the Braille Committee is at their service. Since it takes the braillists about 25 minutes to transcribe a page by hand and about three minutes to proofread it, Ciscans have worked some 45,000 hours on nearly 100,000 pages of 400 books transcribed in ten years.

In the down-to-earth discussions at the meetings, Ciscans have applied the Beatitudes to the streamlined 20th century. They have X-rayed the papal encyclicals. They have analyzed their responsibilities in a Christocracy. All through it runs their pet doctrine: the mystical Body of Christ, based on Christ's words, "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

These people are more than just revolutionary. They possess in addition a delightful kind of craziness.



### *International Commerce*

Commerce must be multi-lateral, not bi-lateral, and the principle of swap should be extended to all nations.

We would like to trade the Czechs and the Poles some of the freedom we abuse for some of their courage. We would like to trade the English and the Scotch some of our calm, quiet nights for some of their ability to take it on the chin.

We'll swap Hollywood to the Swiss for some of *their* cheese.

In fact, we are in a mood to swap anything from Willkie buttons to Clark Gable. Clark would come rather high, of course. We would take nothing less for him than Iceland's aurora borealis or India's Taj Mahal.

Here's a bargain, Moscow! We will trade you a full-fledged, genuine American candidate for the presidency of the U. S. for only one pound of caviar. Well, half a pound, then. A quarter of a pound. A teaspoonful. What, you don't want Earl Browder either? Well, how about somebody to organize all those recently converted Latvian and Lithuanian seamen? We'll swap you Harry Bridges for—well, Browder and Bridges, together, for—all right, all right. You needn't get nasty about it.

*The U. S. News* quoted in the *Sign* (Nov. '40).

# CATHOLIC DIGEST List of Books That Should Be Read

By FRANCIS B. THORNTON

Since Maynard Hutchins and Mortimer Adler started their educational experiment, reading the "classics" has once more become a live issue. St. John's College in Annapolis has moulded its curriculum on the 100 best books. The weekly pictorials have given the movement extensive space in their pages. This is not all. The radio chains, sensitive as ever to popular trends, determined to test public fancy in this regard. The inauguration of a program, *Invitation to Learning*, was modestly launched. Three literary critics dominated half-hour discussions of famous books, ranging from Plato to the Victorians. The critics, Allen Tate, Huntington Cairns and Mark Van Doren, have proved, in their amiably pedestrian program, that reading discussions over the microphone are really attractive. Within the last month they had an estimated audience of 1,000,000.

Since Aristotle first explained how books came to be made, western civilization has become increasingly complex. For the few who are widely traveled there are thousands who seldom if ever pass the boundaries of their state or county. They will become narrow and provincial unless they teach their minds to become excursionists. For them the

libraries offer scope for unlimited travel: the most fascinating lands, the most pungent personalities, the most varied experiences are stored up within the covers of books. Yet some direction is necessary. In the welter of modern books, still in labor on the presses, the modern reader is lost without a guide. In the entire printed world he is both lost and bemused. Catholics are no exception to the rule. As a matter of fact, they require a very special treatment. The list of classics, as compiled by John Erskine and Mortimer Adler, contains books which are harmful to Catholic belief and morals. Others not on the *Index* are so subtly colored with false liberalism or anti-Catholicism as to be a danger in the hands of all but the most mature. Given to the young, their harm is incalculable.

Yet Catholics must read and they should have adequate lists. After all, Catholics have the most ancient and best intellectual tradition of the western world. It is a natural tradition, since medieval brilliance grows quite naturally, as a flower grows and blossoms, out of the ideas of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. On the superb foundations of their naturalism Augustine, Albert and Aquinas built the philosophical aspects of the City of God.

Ours is an intellectual tradition, and yet how few Catholics have any acquaintance with the great books of our best writers. Few are building a wide understanding of the faith which will inform and deepen their lives.

Catholics, too, are often frightened at the idea of *heavy* reading. Their fright is unnecessary. We maintain, with the best authorities, that anyone of ordinary mind can learn to read the classics, and certainly any Catholic with a knife-and-fork knowledge of Catholicism can learn to read the Catholic classics. A little use of the dictionary, a little study of grammar, will do us no harm, and these are the keys to all reading.

In making our list we have in no way envisaged it as a complete list. It is, however, a complete introduction to Catholic literature. A great many of the books are suitable for those of high-school level, especially if an adequate discussion club is started under the friendly leadership of intelligent teachers. The inclusion or exclusion of books is based on no prejudice or failure to recognize that there are deeper treasures and wider boundaries. "They move easiest who have learned to dance," says Alexander Pope, and the Catholic who intends to be a Catholic to the best of our tradition, requires a knowledge of at least those books which we have listed. The trail is clearly marked. It winds through the pleasant landscape of great prose and

poetry. It takes us into wider knowledge of intense life and interesting people. It leads us to the "depth of the riches of the knowledge of God."

1. *The Bible.* (Complete Rheims-Douay version) Wildermann; Benziger.
2. *New Testament.* (Spencer version) Macmillan; (Westminster version) Longmans.
3. *Book of Job.* (Translation by O'Neill) Bruce.
4. *Psalms.* (Translation by O'Neill) Bruce; (Westminster version) Longmans.
5. *Ruth.* (Westminster version) Longmans.
6. *Plato. Republic; Phaedo.* Everyman's Library; Dial.
7. *Aristotle. Ethics.* Everyman's Library.
8. *Aristotle. Poetics.* Oxford.
9. *St. Augustine. Confessions.* Everyman's Library; Loeb classics.
10. *St. Augustine. De Beata Vita.* P. Reilly.
11. *St. Benedict. Rule.* Macmillan.
12. *Tertullian. Apologeticum.* Loeb classics.
13. *Apostolic Fathers.* Loeb classics.
14. *Song of Roland.* Houghton.
15. *Boethius. Consolations of Philosophy.* Oxford.
16. *Langland. Piers Plowman.* Everyman's; Sheed.
17. *Chaucer. Canterbury Tales.* Everyman's.
18. *Everyman.* Everyman's Library.
19. *St. Francis of Assisi. Fioretti.* Everyman's.
20. *Thomas Malory. Morte d'Arthur.* Everyman's; Macmillan.
21. *St. Thomas Aquinas. Summa Theologica.* (Complete English translation) Burns, Oates; (Selections) Everyman's.
22. *Dante. Divine Comedy.* Dent. Modern Library.
23. *Imitation of Christ.* (Ed. by Brother Leo) Macmillan.
24. *Abelard. Ethics.* P. Smith.
25. *Cervantes. Don Quixote.* Everyman's.
26. *Lope de Vega. Four Plays.* Scribner's.
27. *Calderon. Plays.* Everyman's.
28. *William Shakespeare. Plays.* Everyman's.
29. *St. Thomas More. Utopia.* Everyman's.
30. *St. Teresa of Avila. Interior Castle.* T. Baker (Lond.)
31. *Corneille. Tragedies.* Modern Library.

26. St. Ignatius Loyola. *Spiritual Exercises*. Herder; Kenedy.

27. Molière. *Comedies*. Modern Library.

28. Racine. *Tragedies*. Modern Library.

29. St. Robert Bellarmine. *Seven Last Words*. T. Baker (Lond.)

St. Robert Bellarmine. *Treatise on Civil Government*. Fordham.

30. Pascal. *Thoughts*. Longmans.

31. Fénelon. *Telemachus*. Houghton.

32. Jesuit Relations (Selections). Boni, o. p.

33. Richard Crashaw. *Poems*. Routledge.

34. John Dryden. *The Hind and the Panther*. Modern Library.

35. Kenelm Digby. *Maxims of Christian Chivalry, from The Broadstone of Honour*. Kenedy.

36. John Henry Newman. *Apologia*. Longmans.

John Henry Newman. *Historical Sketches*. Longmans.

John Henry Newman. *Idea of a University*. Longmans.

37. John Lingard. *History of England*. Abridged ed. Murphy.

John Lingard. *History of England*. 12 vols. Cath. Publ. Soc., o. p.

38. Alice Meynell. *Poems*. Scribner's.

39. Coventry Patmore. *Poems*. Burns Oates.

40. Lionel Johnson. *Poems*. Burns Oates.

41. John Bannister Tabb. *Poetry*. Dodd.

42. Louise Imogen Guiney. *Happy Ending* (poems). Houghton.

43. F. Marion Crawford. *Saracinesca*. Macmillan.

F. Marion Crawford. *Via Crucis*. Macmillan.

44. Francis Thompson. *Poems*. Modern Library.

45. Henry Adams. *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*. Houghton.

46. F. Rolfe (Baron Corvo, pseud.) *Hadrian the Seventh*. Knopf.

47. Robert Hugh Benson. *Lord of the World*. Dodd.

48. Gerard Manley Hopkins. *Poems*. Oxford.

Gerard Manley Hopkins. *Letters*. Oxford.

49. Robert Stephen Hawker. *Poems*. Duffield.

50. Emily Dickinson. *Poems*. Little.

51. William Cobbett. *History of the Reformation*. Murphy.

52. Joris Karl Huysmans. *The Cathedral*. Dutton.

53. Montalembert. *Monks of the West*. Blackwood, o. p.

54. Francis Aidan Gasquet. *Historical Works*. Harcourt.

55. Hilaire Belloc. *Cranmer*. Lippincott.

Hilaire Belloc. *Selected Essays*. Lippincott.

Hilaire Belloc. *Sonnets and Verse*. Sheed.

56. Gilbert Keith Chesterton. *Collected Poems*. Dodd.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton. *Everlasting Man*. Musson.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton. *Father Brown Omnibus*. Dodd.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton. *Manalive*. Arrowsmith.

57. St. Therese (The Little Flower). *Autobiography*. Kenedy.

58. Paul Claudel. *The City*. Yale.

Paul Claudel. *Letters to a Doubter*. Boni.

59. Sigrid Undset. *Kristin Lavransdatter*. Knopf.

60. Willa Cather. *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. Knopf.

Willa Cather. *Shadows on the Rock*. Knopf.

61. Evelyn Waugh. *A Handful of Dust*. Farrar.

62. T. S. Eliot. *Murder in the Cathedral*. Harcourt.

63. Christopher Dawson. *Progress and Religion*. Sheed.

64. E. I. Watkin. *The Bow in the Clouds*. Sheed.

65. Bruce Marshall. *Father Malachy's Miracle*. Garden City.

66. William Thomas Walsh. *Isabella the Catholic*. Sheed.

67. R. B. Cunningham Graham. *Vanished Arcadia*. Dial.

68. Louis Hémon. *Maria Chapdelaine*. Modern Library.

69. Daniel Sargent. *Our Land and Our Lady*. Longmans.

70. Romano Guardini. *Spirit of the Liturgy*. Sheed.

71. Karl Adam. *Spirit of Catholicism*. Sheed.

72. Herbert Eugene Bolton. *Wider Horizons of American History*. Appleton-Century.

73. Ronald Knox. *Spiritual Aeneid*. Longmans.

74. Alfred Noyes. *Poems*. Stokes.

75. Jacques Maritain. *Art and Scholasticism*. Sheed.

76. Eric Gill. *Beauty Looks After Herself*. Sheed.

Eric Gill. *Work and Culture*. J. Stevens.

77. C. C. Martindale. *What Are Saints?* Sheed.  
 C. C. Martindale. *Prayers of the Missal.* Sheed.  
 C. C. Martindale. *Goddess of Ghosts.* Burns Oates.  
 78. Nicholas Berdyaev. *Bourgeois Mind and Other Essays.* Sheed.  
 Nicholas Berdyaev. *Origin of Russian Communism.* Scribner's.  
 79. Francois Mauriac. *God and Mammon.* Sheed.  
 Francois Mauriac. *Viper's Tangle.* Sheed.  
 80. Sister Madeleva. *Selected Poems.* Macmillan.  
 81. Leon Bloy. *The Woman Who Was Poor.* Sheed.

82. Leonard Feeney. *Fish on Friday.* Sheed.  
 Leonard Feeney. *Boundaries* (poems). Macmillan.  
 83. Henri Ghéon. *Secret of the Curé d'Arts.* Sheed.  
 Henri Ghéon. *Marriage of St. Francis* (drama). Sheed.  
 84. Arnold Lunn. *Now I See.* Sheed.  
 85. Anscar Vonié. *The Human Soul.* Herder.  
 86. Etienne Gilson. *Reason and Revelation in the Middle Ages.* Scribner's.  
 87. Agnes Repplier. *Essays.* Houghton.  
 88. Thomas Gilby. *Poetic Experience.* Sheed.  
 89. Leo Tolstoy. *Resurrection.* Grosset.  
 90. Ernest Psichari. *Soldier's Pilgrimage.* Melrose (Lond.).  
 91. E. Rostand. *Cyrano de Bergerac.*



### Literature

Great literature is, by and large, healthy human literature. Its best is representative of human nature at its best. It breathes in an intellectual, ideal, and, in some sense, in a spiritual atmosphere. Literature, good and bad, is man's reaction to life, his expression of what life means to him. It thus contains the very essence of culture, which is an acquired ability to criticize life as a whole and other things in relation to life. Such culture means the possession of an ideal, which is the theory of life by which we judge what is good and desirable, and what is the opposite. It is not that literature as such establishes a completely competent criterion, or that it has the last word to say on the ideals of life, for, being merely human, it falls short, as do all human things, of finality and perfection. But it is the best that the merely human can attain. Its supreme quality is beauty, and to have eyes for the beautiful is to see the true, for beauty and truth are one. Good literature is the product of those who have looked forth on the world most intently and with great seriousness, whose power of perception has been keenest, whose souls have been most sensitive to every throb of life and beauty, and who, in turn, have interpreted their visions and applied them again to life in the loftiest and most noble forms of art, and who have thus imparted to us, along with the beauty they have caught, the truth of which it is the splendor, in such burning words and vibrant voice that our emotions are stirred and our hearts lifted to a higher level than the common needs of daily life demand.

From *Science of Language* by J. J. Callahan (Duquesne University, 1938), pp. 41-42.

# A Walk to Beaupré

By CATHAL O'BYRNE

Lights and shadows

Condensed from the *Annals of Good St. Anne de Beaupré*\*

**It was eastward** that we set our faces when we went out through the long village street, beyond where the straggling houses end, and away into the fair green country, and over the two miles of road that lie between St. Anne and the village of Beaupré.

It was a lovely afternoon—God had made a darling day of it—warm, with a cool breeze blowing in from the river that stirred to a pleasant murmur all the wayside poplar trees.

Away in the distance rose the bare mountain wall of Cap Tourmente, with the fresh loveliness of green valleys in between. Where we passed under a green gloom of branches, the golden herb grew tall, and a white abundance of traveler's-joy made lovely all the hollow places beside the winding way.

At almost every turn of the road little colorful pictures met our delighted eyes. On the doorstep of her cottage an old woman in a blue gown sat slicing carrots into a brown bowl, while in her garden by the side of the house, where the brown silk tassels were beginning to show on the tall corn, her good man was leisurely engaged in "pinching back" the buds of his tobacco plants.

Behind the woman sitting in the doorway we got a glimpse of a shad-

owy interior with a gleam of blue pottery, shining brass pans and old oaken presses that doubtless had been the riches of her race for generations.

A little farther on, in a vacant space beside his house, a man chopped wood, while two others piled up the split logs under an open penthouse, the great heaps of winter firing suggesting long nights beside the blazing fire and the welcome fragrance of burning wood on the cold wintry air.

Beaupré, in the heart of the hills and surrounded by its trees, seemed a little quiet place where the sun would rise early and go to bed late, a place of woods and brown, swirling waters, and long evening shadows.

It was quite still. Its main street was empty. The drowsy silence of a cloudless afternoon was over all the quiet reaches of the river. At the bridge, the way was silent, the ripple of the water being the chief sound that filled it. The long street was full of flowers and shadow and sunshine. Nobody was busy but the butterflies. Here and there the people stayed by their doorways for gossipry; and here, we noted with pleasure, the old people seemed to have time to laugh and chat and sit in the sun.

Some women carrying market bas-

\*St. Anne de Beaupré, Quebec, Canada. October-November, 1940.

kets passed us by, shrewd-looking, honest, industrious, God-fearing, wholesome in mind and body, and as they went their way under the bough-woven shadows, it occurred to us to wonder by what mysterious process these French-Canadian women succeed in eliminating all trace and stain of work.

Beauty, sweetness and wisdom are in the faces of the people, and their faces reflect the manner of their lives, lives that are never too toilsome to include in their busy routine a quiet, prayerful hour. By the wayside Calvary they are kept in mind of whose children they are, and their open doors show tapers alight before little shrines, silent witnesses of the Light that enlightens the world.

Where we went, in the fading evening light, the dark pine wood had a selvage of gold, and in a shady green garden place, as we passed, a woman with honey-yellow hair talked to her parrot that sat, close-covered with leaves, high up on the bough of a tree. And what an ideal place he had found for himself, we thought, on that day of heat and brilliant sunshine: a little house thatched by God, out of the sun's and the wind's way.

The brown swirl of the stream curved about us everywhere, there by the bridge it was a quiet murmur, and yonder by the bend beyond the trees, a broad, shallow, brawling mountain torrent.

Long, slim, shining motor cars hum-

med past, leaving behind a gray cloud of dust, a cloud that moved between the high, flowering hedges, the greening wheat fields, the rows of slender poplars, and the orchards and fruit gardens, some with fruits already ripe, and some with fruits as yet green as their own foliage.

In a quiet part of the village street a woman stopped to soothe the crying of a frightened child, not her own, a little, sobbing pitiful creature, weighed down for the moment with some one of childhood's countless and unnameable woes. While the woman (she would be a mother also) dried the tears of the little one, we felt that great, indeed, would be her recompense, for never was a woman's pity fruitless, nor the fair deeds of her days without reward.

And there in the green shady place we thought of how the blessed Virgin was walking with St. Joseph through a glen one day when she heard a great noise coming towards them. The holy Child was with them.

"Take care, my Son," the Virgin Mother said. "Do you hear this noise?"

"There is no danger to you, Mother," said the Son of God, "My own Father will save us."

"Oh, you are my seven loves, my Son," said she.

"Oh, Mother," said the Son of God, "'tis a bad quality you have left to the women of the world, for the mother will have seven loves for her son, in

return for the one he will have for her."

And people say this is the reason a mother has seven loves for her son.

The headstones of the little cemetery gleamed snow-white in the sun, where they were not hidden by tall, flaming hollyhocks. The quiet little God's Acre had the green meadows and the quiet woods all about it, and the gray-green water and the busy highway forever rushing by it. Willowy green banks sloped away from it down to the cool, brown stream and the low-lying meadows with the little black and white cattle knee-deep in the long grasses.

And over all the lovely valley stood the high-perched flume, a great spindleg-legged monster that bestrides and dominates it, and not to advantage where its beauty is concerned.

As we lingered beside the broad,

shallow river, the soft night closed in, the lights shone out, and a great moon hung low and golden in the blue dusk at the road's end under an arch of boughs.

Where the rays of the sunset filled the west there rose from the mountain a million spears of gold, as though a myriad Redmen, a conquering army, were holding them aloft with a shout of triumph. Through an open door the glow from a wood fire lay along the dusty road. On the threshold of an outhouse a brown hen perched, pluming herself. To the east there were deep green woods and wide plains all purple with loosestrife, and beyond, the dim stretch of the river whither led shady roads, lined with linden and poplar trees, and marked ever and anon by a wayside Calvary, or a roadside well crowned by a crucifix.



### Truck Drivers vs. Nuns

Truck drivers are not all bad. Many of them have the public welfare very much at heart. Some time ago the truck drivers of Jamaica put in a complaint to the civil authorities about the good Sisters. They said that certain Sisters were a distinct menace to society. These Sisters were driving their own automobiles, but due to the fact that their headpieces extended so far beyond their faces, it was impossible for them to see what was coming from either side. Several truck drivers had to make sudden turns to avoid accidents. The matter was taken to the ecclesiastical authorities, and the upshot of it was that the Sisters were told to cut down their headpieces by at least two or three inches. They acceded to the request, and the traffic menace was removed.

*The Liguorian* (Nov. '40).

# The Family Living Wage

Worthy of his hire

By MILDRED OTENASEK

Condensed from the *Catholic Family Monthly*\*

**According** to the 1930 census there are 27,474,000 families in the U. S. The Brookings Institution study in 1929 showed that 6 million of these families received an income of less than \$1,000 a year. Sixteen million families received less than \$2,000. Yet in that year we produced enough goods to have given each family \$2,800. At that time we were using only 80% of our productive facilities. If we had availed ourselves of the idle 20%, we would have increased that figure to \$3,500 per family. In the same year \$15 billion had been accumulated in savings. Only one-third of this amount could have been used for replacement and expenditure on producer's goods. The remaining \$10 billion should have gone for consumer's goods. Two-thirds of all these savings were made by 2.3% of the population with incomes of more than \$10,000.

In its study on *America's Capacity to Consume*, the Brookings Institution estimated that 0.1% of the families in the U. S. received as large a share of the national income as 42%. The 36,000 families at the top received as large a share of the national income as the 11,650,000 families at the bottom. It was this disproportion which caused President Roosevelt several years later

to declare one-third of the nation to be underprivileged, ill-fed, ill-housed and ill-clothed. In a poll conducted by *Fortune* magazine, 70% of the public agreed with him.

The foregoing Brookings statistics depict conditions in the U. S. in 1929. Since then, how far has the U. S. provided the essentials of life for its people? In 1937 an accurate, detailed statistical study of family income was made by the National Resources Committee. Its study, *Consumer Expenditures in the U. S.*, was the result of questioning 60,000 families living in cities of different sizes, in villages and on farms of 30 states. The typical American family, according to the study, received \$1,160 (the median income) for the year 1935-36. Though the family was considered to consist of four members, it required one and one-third persons to bring in this amount. The approximate expenditure for the average family was \$1,195 (or \$35 more than was received). Of this, 38% was spent for food, 33% for housing, furnishings and house operations, and 9% for clothing. Thus 80% was spent for the bare essentials of life. Ten per cent was spent for transportation and personal care. The remaining \$120 was spent for such "luxuries" as medical

\*1312 Massachusetts Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C. November, 1940.

care, books, newspapers, magazines, radio, education, recreation, tobacco, taxes and gifts.

Even more appalling statistics were revealed by this study. One-third of American families and single individuals received less than \$780 a year, the average for this group being only \$471. Sixty per cent of the Negro and 40% of the white families in the South did not have sufficient income for all the food consumed.

A good criterion for estimating the adequacy of the American wage is what families saved for a "rainy day." Two-thirds of our families with incomes of less than \$1,500 were unable to live within that income. Families with an income of less than \$500 spent \$162 more. Nineteen million families were receiving less than \$1,500. Those with incomes between \$4,000 and \$5,000 saved 21%. The \$20,000-a-year families saved 50% and more. It was possible to do this and yet spend five times as much for food and 20 times as much for clothing as the median family. In the upper brackets, families spent 16 times as much for medical care and 36 times as much for recreation. These striking disparities seemed even more acute in a preceding report of the same survey. Here it was shown again that one-third of all the families in the U. S. were receiving less than \$780 a year and 90% were receiving less than \$2,500. In this case, the lower third spent 17% more than was earned.

A few more figures might emphasize the point at issue. Forty-two per cent of the non-relief families received less than \$1,000; 79% received less than \$2,000. This was in 1936, when we were again well on our way to the prosperity peak of 1937.

The WPA surveyed the cost of living in 59 cities in 1935 and in 31 cities in 1937. Its standard was a higher than subsistence budget though not a minimum comfort standard. An unskilled, low-income wage earner, his wife, a 13-year-old son and an 8-year-old daughter were considered the typical American family. For the bare essentials of life, with a small insurance, no car, and no savings, it would have cost this family, in 1935, \$1,415 to live in Washington, \$1,373 in New York City, and \$1,130 in Mobile. In 1937 the cost of living in Washington increased to \$1,456, in New York City to \$1,400, and in Mobile to \$1,147. The average cost of living in 1935 for the 59 cities surveyed was \$1,261.

*Fortune* in 1937 conducted a survey on how much money per week the family of four needs. The nation thought \$32 a week was the exact median of the cost of living (or \$1,664 a year) for all except farm hands and Negroes. The estimates of the WPA and the National Industrial Conference Board were from \$22 to \$25 a week (or \$1,144 to \$1,300 a year), depending on the section of the country.

Remember, in 1937, 42% of our non-

relief families were receiving less than \$1,000 and  $33\frac{1}{3}\%$  were earning less than \$780. Msgr. Francis Haas has estimated \$2,500 a year as a living wage for a family of five.

Pius XI in *On the Reconstruction of the Social Order* insisted that "every effort be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately the ordinary domestic needs. If in the present state of society this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay, which will guarantee every adult workingman just such a wage."

Many consider a minimum wage law as the only answer. At the end of 1939, 27 states, the District of Columbia and Puerto Rico had passed minimum wage laws. However, no minimum wage law as such will provide the family with a living wage. Those minimum wage laws which are in effect today provide only for a weekly wage. In many industries, the efficacy of a living weekly wage will be counteracted by employment of the laborer only 30 weeks out of a year. It is obvious that this type of law cannot solve our problem. What is essential is a guaranteed annual living wage.

Another fact must be given consideration. No guaranteed annual living wage will be effective if it is not scaled according to changes in the price level. In *The Church and the Social Order* the bishops stated: "No criterion or

standard of wages can be determined independently of price." This economic truism has been ignored. It is not the money wage but the real wage of a worker which is significant. For instance, from 1913 to 1917 the cost of living increased 38%, yet wages increased only 14% (U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics). Again, from 1929 to 1933 the cost of living decreased  $22\frac{1}{2}\%$ , while wages decreased 36.4%. If prices are changing continuously, wages must be adjusted accordingly. The General Electric Co. has a plan whereby provision is made for the employees because of changes in the cost of living. Adopted in 1926, the plan adjusts wages to every 1 to 10% increase in the cost of living, and decreases them accordingly for a decrease in the cost of living, though never below the wages of 1936.

In the midst of extensive resources, there is abysmal poverty. As Gillin puts it, 20% of the American people are poverty stricken. Gillette and Reinhardt consider 45% of our people as living without the health and comfort standard in normal times; in depressions, the estimate is from 75% to 80% below standard. Added to this is the fact that sociologists have consistently maintained that public problems—infant and adult mortality, ignorance, child delinquency, drunkenness, crime and immorality—are in inverse proportion to wages.

# I Nursed the Nazis in Poland

By MARTA WANKOWICZ

Condensed from *America*\*

Father, forgive them. . . .

**O**ne year ago, as did many Polish girls, I finished school. I am 18. I once had a home, parents, sister. All this is over. War easily destroys human lives.

But that is not what I wanted to tell. My story is similar to that of hundreds of Polish girls who are still living in Poland. For the first time in our lives we have met human suffering. I worked like many of my comrades in a Polish military hospital as a nurse, feverishly; we had no time even to think. There were thousands of Polish wounded soldiers; we nursed many sick bolsheviks and Germans, too.

We looked at the dying men; we watched our country sink under the waves of brutal aggression; we suffered starvation and humiliations, rudeness and cruelties.

You ask me about bombardments? No, they were not the most terrible things in this war. For us, who were 18 and 20, the most awful experience was the discovery that men cannot understand each other and that even my youth, meeting youth in a 19-year-old German soldier, met only hatred and hardness.

I entered the hospital as a nurse on Sept. 15, 1939. It was at Chelm, the principal city of the district in which were situated the lands of our family

and of our many friends and neighbors.

The region around Chelm is the center of Poland; it is where both the invading armies came last, the place where they met. I served at the hospital two months and it was my lot to work successively under Polish command, then bolshevik and finally, German.

I was never so near peasants as during this war. In their resigned suffering, in the serenity of their patience, there was a sublime sanity, more than human: the sanity of growing grass.

Smereka, a young soldier of 24, of the Sambor region, paralyzed to his waist, never doubted that he would get better. The mobilization surprised him during a party one evening. He danced until dawn. Then he went to war. His home is now burned. He often speaks of rebuilding it. He asks his wounded fellows their advice on the quality of wood he should use. The rest of us know that he will die.

One morning, about 4 o'clock, I was called. A new transport of wounded had arrived. Through gloomy wards I hurried to the dressing room. On the way I brushed by a litter resting on the floor and I heard someone say, "O, sister, look out! It hurts me, my leg!"

They were German wounded. The first whose wounds I dressed was named Kurt, a mere boy of 19, of the motorized troops. He trembled like a leaf. I don't know if it was from cold or from fear on finding himself among Poles of whom he had apparently been told tales unbelievably bloody. I put my hand on his shoulder, "Come, what makes you so afraid?" He calmed himself and looked at me like a fierce, frightened hawk, but with the eyes of a child. He had a large and dangerous wound.

Arriving in the ward one morning, I was just in time to see the beginning of a serious hemorrhage. It was Kurt. The doctors were already waiting for him in the operating room. A blood transfusion was necessary. They asked for a volunteer who would be willing to give blood to Kurt. The nurse Majewska got up without a word. Her blood was the same type as Kurt's. All our Polish soldiers knew where she went. Eyes from every bed followed her. No one opposed her. No one blamed her.

When Kurt returned from the operating room, I rested the stump of his left arm on a little pillow. A few hours later, when he regained consciousness, he called me.

I tried to persuade him that one can easily live without a left arm. The tone of voice rather than the words calmed him. Despite his efforts, two heavy tears escaped from between his

tightly closed lids. Kurt asked me, "Stay here, sister."

So I stayed longer, his feverish hand in mine. I wiped his moist brow with a white cloth. Kurt kept his eyes closed. He muttered in Polish, "*Siestra, sister.*"

Alexander, a young German soldier, got his baccalaureate a year ago. He spoke French and English. I was often by his bed. His right leg was broken just above the knee. His thigh was swollen and suppurated. His sufferings gave a cast to his boyish face that he will never lose.

We are almost of the same age. Just a year ago, I, too, got my baccalaureate. Alexander showed me letters from his mother; she waits for him in Berlin.

"Have you finally received word from your father?" Alexander asked me.

"No. None."

"And of your home in Warsaw?"

"I have no home now."

"And of your family, your relatives?"

"I only know that my godfather was killed in a battle against the Germans. He was a colonel."

After two months, I was to leave the hospital. Alexander would still be there for a long time. Then it was that I broke the rule of the hospital and for the first time since we knew each other, questioned him.

"Alexander, I want you to be frank. A year ago we both finished school. In spite of all the obstacles that have been put between us, I think we can

understand each other. You know that we make no difference here between the wounded Germans and the wounded Poles. Now, as I leave the hospital, I think I have the right to ask you, 'Aren't you sorry at all for what you have done in Poland?'"

Alexander looked at me attentively for an instant. Then he answered me without the slightest hesitation. "What makes me sorry, sister, is to have to tell you that I am sorry for nothing. I don't regret a thing!"

During these two months I had three days off. My mother came to take me to the country. I left the world of the hospital behind me, to flee into the reality that surrounded it. We had to travel with horses. We could travel only at night. My mother, who wished to bring me back as soon as possible, had forgotten this precaution and had to take shelter under a barn, because a German plane, having noticed her carriage on the road, had swooped down and made her a target for its machine gunner.

On the return trip we picked up a soldier we met on the road. He was unarmed and had no belt. His coat was carelessly buttoned. He said, "All is lost."

Upon our arrival at my uncle's home, I understood the truth for the first time. A bomb bursting in this faraway and peaceful spot left my uncle with his arm in a sling. He was standing now among several young of-

ficers and cadets, a map in his hand. They were looking at it attentively. These boys had received orders to lay down arms and return to their homes. But they had decided, instead, to lay out their route toward the Hungarian frontier and go to France.

Two officers gave me their revolvers, of Polish make, new type. They asked me to hide them, guard them carefully, and return them when they were needed in the future.

The third day of my three days' leave, my godfather arrived, Col. Thaddeus Lechnicki, former Minister of Finance. He came with a lieutenant and a soldier who drove their motorcycle. He came into the house in the simple uniform of a soldier. He was in the forest with 2,000 men.

Now our rides are done. He didn't come back from his last one. As he used to lead mazurkas in the parks in the country, now he led an attack against German tanks. He and his men had only hand grenades. He died there.

I left my mother and my sister. I returned to the hospital. The next day a Cossack on horseback burst in, a revolver in his hand.

"Comrades," he cried, "we bring you culture!"

The bolsheviks had given command of the hospital to a beast. The commissar began his activity with distribution of cigarettes to our patients. Cigarettes! A priceless extravagance when

there were none to be had. Our soldiers took them. But when the Germans wanted some the commissar refused them. Instead, he called these Soviet allies unutterable epithets, with which the Russian language is so rich.

I don't know what attitude I would have had toward wounded Germans some time later, after I had occasion to see all their savage cruelty. But we wished to preserve a humane atmosphere at the hospital. With the approval of our Polish patients, we showed the commissar the door.

Right near Chelm there was a complete massacre of a little detachment of soldiers who refused to surrender. These Polish boys fought, though they knew it was hopeless. Dead, unburied, they lay by the roadside for long days.

At the barracks at Chelm there was only one officer when the bolsheviks broke in. His revolver had three chambers filled. He killed two bolshevik commissars. In response, the bolsheviks murdered 18 Polish officers. They buried the two commissars in the public square, their graves stacked with flowers and decorated with red ribbons. At the other side of the square, abandoned and lonely, the monument of Polish independence stood against the sky.

At Grabowiec, 45 miles from Chelm, the bolsheviks shot down all the doctors and two nurses at the hospital. When I heard of it, I thought of my aunt, now the wife of our ambassador in

Tokyo. She was just my age when she worked as a nurse during the Polish-Bolshevik War of 1919. The bolsheviks occupied her hospital. They shot all the doctors and all but four nurses, of whom she was one. So four girls were left alone with 30 men seriously ill or badly wounded.

One day my mother came to see me secretly. She seemed poor and tired. I gave her the bed that I shared with the other nurse. All I could offer her as refreshment was a little black coffee made from barley. She told me that the bolsheviks took money from her and from my sister, and also all their jewels.

A beautiful Airedale, companion on all our trips in auto and canoe, did not like the new masters. He growled and bit them. The peasants always said, "He's a lord among dogs!" The chambermaid never dared to give him an order. She said, "Such a dog! He would never obey me!" They shot him during the night. The dog dragged himself toward the house, and rested on the threshold his square, well-shaped muzzle, brown as spice bread. He touched the door for the last time with his wet, black nose. He died.

The bolsheviks ordered us to evacuate all our own patients from two wards. Those days were horrible. We had to find places for them in other wards, wards which were already overflowing with wounded. I had in my care 78 soldiers, all of them serious

cases. I had room for 45. There were just two of us to look after these wounded men.

When one makes 80 beds and carries water from the other end of the building for the bathing of 80 patients, and follows the doctor on his visits, fulfilling all his orders, seeing to the dressing, sending the patients for X-ray treatments, feeding by hand those who cannot help themselves, rewinding bandages that have become loosened, the end of a 13-hour day brings exhaustion. Without washing and without eating, I would throw myself on the bed I shared with sister Jane in a little room where eight of us slept.

The provisions went from bad to worse. We couldn't even dream of special diets for the seriously wounded. We all ate mouldy soups. And besides, there was so little room that many lay on coats stretched over a tile floor.

Sept. 29 arrived. As usual, we listened to the radio in the nurses' parlor. After the broadcast I would go back again to the soldiers to tell them any new developments. They always discussed the news; sometimes, late into the night.

For several days we had not heard the broken, tired voice of Mr. Starzynski, heroic mayor of Warsaw. The radio station of Warsaw, bombarded, was no more.

On Sept. 29 we heard the Germans announce: "Warsaw is taken." When I returned to the soldiers, I repeated

these three words. Silence answered me. Then these heavy words fell, "They are out of ammunition."

They didn't comment on the news that night. Their soldiers' hearts were closed. From that day on I never heard them discuss political questions. They knew that years of trials were coming. There was nothing more to talk about.

The Germans came to take over. The bolsheviks broke camp. They pillaged everything in the town and hospital before they left. We had hidden some operating instruments, locked the room in which the remainder was kept, and fled. But the doctors who stayed with this ward must have been shot down; we were forced to give up the keys. The representatives of a country which was pretending to deliver humanity pillaged the hospital, taking instruments which were destined to save the lives and health of 300 wounded men who were there. We watched them with horror.

The sick were upset for another reason. They learned from someone that the bolsheviks had stolen all the provisions of the hospital: among other things, the most painful loss, six pigs.

The German commander, a colonel, went on a tour of inspection. Visiting the 4th ward he rubbed his finger along the hinge of the door. There was a little dust left there. The gallant German wiped his finger on the cheek of one of the nurses. By chance it was Majewska, she who had offered her

own blood a few weeks before to save Kurt's life.

Each ward received its commander. Ours was a *gemütlicher* Bavarian, merchant of Krumbach, a little town near Munich. As a young soldier he was in the World War, 25 years ago.

"Please listen to me, sisters. I know that now we are at war and that it's hard for you. You cannot treat me frankly as a friend, as I would like you to. Although, honestly, it seems to me that you are too imaginative; you make things up. You wear the red cross and I wear it too. You are Catholic and so am I. You are brave girls and I am a brave man. And what is important beyond these things? Let us even agree that we cannot become friends if you don't wish it, although I'm very fond of both of you. But promise me that you will come to see me at my home after the war. If things do not go so well at your home, come and see me. I am rich. I have four houses and no children."

We listened with our eyes cast down. This was our enemy who was speaking to us. In spite of the closed doors, the dying cry of Lieutenant Wysocki came through to us, "Mother, mother!"

"I understand that you yourself are

not to blame," Jane cried with tears in her eyes. Her two brothers were officers. She wanted to say more. She struggled against crying.

The Prussian regiments arrived. Orders became more and more rigid and unbearable. The invaders were feeling more sure of themselves.

Once they called an assembly of all the nurses. They made three groups of them: registered nurses, those mobilized by the Red Cross and we, the volunteers. The soldiers ran through our ranks barking orders: the line was not perfectly straight. They corrected it with rude pushing and pulling.

A colonel arrived, accompanied by two soldiers with fixed bayonets. He pointed to the Red Cross nurses and the volunteers. "Get out of the hospital in half an hour!"

After that came only long months of mournful life in Warsaw. We were cold and starving. The best of us died in prisons or were shot.

The true life of Poland is now trammeled under the surface. But it will emerge soon. Poland arisen will take among the nations of the world the place which is due her. We believe in justice. And we hope. That is why we live.

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One of the strongest arguments against war is that it necessitates the systematic spreading of falsehood in order to circumvent the enemy. The enemy must be painted absolutely black and accused of every imaginable cruelty as a monster outside the pale of human consideration. If this is not done the hateful work of killing and being killed would be impossible.

J. Keating, S.J., in the *Month* (Feb. '22).

# Frankincense and Myrrh

By HEYWOOD BROUN

And a toy for the child

Condensed from *Broun's Nutmeg*\*

Once there were three kings in the East and they were wise men. They read the heavens and they saw a certain strange star by which they knew that in a distant land the King of the world was to be born. The star beckoned to them and they made preparations for a long journey.

From their palaces they gathered rich gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh. Great sacks of precious stuffs were loaded upon the backs of the camels which were to bear them on their journey. Everything was in readiness, but one of the wise men seemed perplexed and would not come at once to join his two companions who were eager and impatient to be on their way in the direction indicated by the star.

They were old, these two kings, and the other wise man was young. When they asked him he could not tell why he waited. He knew that his treasures had been ransacked for rich gifts for the King of kings. It seemed that there was nothing more which he could give, and yet he was not content.

He made no answer to the old men who shouted to him that the time had come. The camels were impatient. The shadows across the desert grew longer. And still the young king sat and thought deeply.

At length he smiled, and he ordered his servants to open the great treasure sack upon the back of the first of his camels. Then he went into a high chamber to which he had not been since he was a child. He rummaged about and presently came out and approached the caravan. In his hand he carried something which glinted in the sun.

The kings thought that he bore some new gift more rare and precious than any which they had been able to find in all their treasure rooms. They bent down to see, and even the camel drivers peered from the backs of the great beasts to find out what was gleaming in the sun. They were curious about this last gift for which all the caravan had waited.

And the young king took a toy from his hand and placed it upon the sand. It was a dog of tin, painted white and speckled with black spots. Great patches of paint had worn away and left the metal clear, and that was why the toy shone in the sun as if it had been silver.

The youngest of the wise men turned a key in the side of the little black and white dog and then he stepped aside so that the kings and the camel drivers could see. The dog leaped high in the air and turned a somersault. He

\*Formerly 300 Main St., Stamford, Conn. Nov. 11, 1939.

turned another and another and then fell over upon his side and lay there with a painted grin upon his face.

A child, the son of a camel driver, laughed and clapped his hands, but the kings were stern. They rebuked the youngest of the wise men and he paid no attention but called to his chief servant to make the first of all the camels kneel. Then he picked up the toy of tin and placed his last gift with his own hands in the mouth of the

treasure sack so that it rested safely upon the soft bags of incense.

"What folly has seized you?" cried the eldest of the wise men. "Is this a gift to bear to the King of kings in the far country?"

And the young man answered and said, "For the King of kings there are gifts of great richness, gold and frankincense and myrrh.

"But this," he said, "is for the Child in Bethlehem!"



### How To Be Obstinate

During the Gallipoli campaign in the last war, a badly wounded British soldier was mustered out and granted total disability insurance. While this guaranteed a livelihood, it failed to quench a longing to return to his pre-war work. He had been a truck driver. Being a Catholic, he made a pilgrimage to Lourdes. When he arrived, his case drew general attention, because he was a physical wreck. Shell-splinters had doomed him to be an invalid for life. The outcome was startling even at Lourdes, where startling events are frequent. Our Lady obtained for him a complete cure.

Joyfully he returned to his home and his truck. But when he began to earn a regular income, he felt a scruple about accepting the liberal insurance payments which also came regularly. Impelled by this scruple, he wrote to his government, gave the details of his miraculous cure, and waived all claim to further assistance. But John Bull proved obstinate. The truck driver was told that the British government did not recognize miracles, and could not see its way to discontinuing the insurance.

*The Ave Maria* (7 Sept. '40).

# King of Corn

By GLENN YERK WILLIAMSON

99% perspiration

Condensed from the *St. Anthony Messenger*\*

One night in the early spring of 1925, two men sat at the counter of a little lunchroom in Des Moines, Iowa, and talked about corn. The younger of the two, approaching 28, listened with the attention of a spellbound schoolboy as the other, known far and wide as an outstanding authority on agricultural matters, painstakingly and with fatherly interest told of the wonders locked within a kernel of corn, of the near miracles already achieved, of the discoveries yet to be made.

What the experienced "teacher" strove to impress on his "pupil" was the fact that, with the exception of a handful of research-loving college professors who possessed more degrees than a thermometer, no grower of corn and no plant breeder had ever seriously endeavored to control tassel pollen with a view to developing more desirable strains of corn.

Henry Wallace, then an Iowa farm editor, more recently Secretary of Agriculture, and now Vice President Elect, achieved his goal of sowing in his earnest listener the seeds of vibrant enthusiasm. For when the clock's hands reached over into early morning, the young farmer from El Paso, Ill., left with the determined statement, "I'll get going tomorrow!"

Lester Pfister has been going ever since. When he arrived home, the first thing he did was to pick out a plot of ground suitable for his great experiment. Knowing full well the important rôle played by soil, he worked the rich black loam to the fineness of a flower garden. His next step was to select good seed corn, and plant it.

Presently the seeds from the 388 ears of corn poked their tender green shoots above the warm, moist earth. By late summer the shoots had grown into robust stalks, so that there were tassels and fast-forming ears, and Pfister was busier than he had ever been in his life.

With infinite care, he tied a little paper bag over *every* ear and around *every* tassel. It was back-breaking toil performed in the heat of a merciless sun. This was the third major step in a game the perplexed farmers of Woodford County had never seen, a step that made Pfister the laughingstock of the countryside.

Three weeks went by and it was then that the hard-working disciple of Mendel was ready for his fourth step. Tediously he slipped the pollen-filled bags off the tassels and inverted them deftly and quickly over the soft silk on the *same* stalk. Then, with the precise

\* 1615 Republic St., Cincinnati, Ohio. October, 1940.

skill of a surgeon performing a delicate operation, he snapped off the tassels.

It was a gruelling task, but this so-called "selfing" process, upon which rested ultimate success, had to be done. Moreover, it had to be timed to perfection! To grasp the Herculean aspects of the undertaking, bear in mind that Pfister was compelled to make over 50,000 hand pollinations, to use more than 100,000 paper bags!

Harvest time came, and the man waited with tense expectancy. Now he would be able to ascertain what strains, and how many, had blended themselves to form the excellent corn he had always planted in the peaceful years before. It was like peering into the depths of Pandora's Box. Here was a stalk thick as a man's arm; there was one the tassels of which had no pollen, the cobs of which bore no kernels. Some had sickly ears; a few, pitifully weak stalks. Others stood straight like West Point cadets.

Systematically, Pfister discarded the ears he considered of little value and kept those that, according to his judgment, held promise. So ruthless was he that only 115 ears escaped elimination: the ears that were to be planted the following season.

Five long years marched across the calendar, years of planting, tying paper bags, eliminating. The monotony grew almost maddening. What aggravated things was the utterly inescapable responsibility of maintaining regular,

uninterrupted operation of the farm, for he and his wife and children had to have food and clothes.

In the fall of 1929 he had the seeds of *four* deformed ears of corn, the plinth of what he hoped would be the pedestal of success. He must have had a prayer on his lips as he shelled these four little misbegotten descendants of five "inbred" generations, for now he was ready for his fifth and greatest step: making his first crosses. How Johann Gregor Mendel, the monk who knew so much about heredity, would have enjoyed watching the far-reaching experiment!

Pfister planted his corn in three rows, designating the middle row the "sire" or pollinator. It produced tassels, pollen, and the delicate threads of silk; just as untold other generations of corn stalks had done. But this time Pfister altered his familiar tactics: he snapped off the tassels on the outside rows, leaving those on the middle row. This way, he figured, the middle tassels were free to shed their priceless pollen onto the silks of the rows on either side. He had done all that it was humanly possible to do; the rest of the work was at the mercy of the weather.

That particular summer was a nightmare for many Illinois farmers. Drought set in. Pfister watched his corn stalks give up the struggle one by one. "Why don't you irrigate?" was the well-meant advice from more than one interested neighbor; always

the firm response was, "If they can't take it, let them die."

Nor was his dying corn the only heart-rending spectacle the grim, resolute farmer beheld. He watched his farm slowly disintegrate. As the situation grew steadily worse, he found it increasingly difficult to convince his friends that he was still in his right senses. Men of a weaker will would have quit then and there.

That fall Pfister was vindicated in his belief that when one is at the end of his rope he should tie a knot in it and hang on; for there, smiling at him like appreciative urchins, were the results of the harvest: uniform ears of "hybrid" corn. They were heavily filled and evenly kerneled. But even then the perfection-seeking farmer was far from satisfied. He obtained federal inbreds for blending with his own. The results still fell short of his goal.

The years 1931 and 1932 were trying periods for corn, nerve-shattering for farmers. Grasshoppers and chinch bugs invaded the fields by the millions. Again Pfister was advised to do something to protect his corn; and again his only answer was, "Let the weaklings die." And the weaklings did die.

In the hectic days that followed, the knot in Pfister's rope seemed to shrink. He had no crops; he was indebted to his sisters and brother for loans; and the debt he owed the bank was about due. He lost weight and his hair became streaked with gray. Yet, faced

with stark disaster, he did not quit.

The pageantry of the seasons brought another spring, and with the glorious arrival of the birds and blossoms came the ominous notice of foreclosure. Pfister, under pressure from his wife, decided to sell the last of his remaining hogs and use the cash for more of those paper bags. What else could he do? In an upstairs room of his badly run-down home lay ears of hybrid corn, and the tortured man thought of them in this hour of darkness. He made a decision. He selected from the lot the finest he could lay his work-worn hands on, placed them in a gunny sack, slung the sack across his shoulders, and trudged the four weary miles to town. He would show the bankers just exactly what he had accomplished. He would give them the facts.

Instead of finding his creditors the callous men cartoonists often picture them, he learned that they too had their share of human kindness. Business men who lived and worked in a typically agricultural town, they knew corn when they saw it. Anyone who could raise that kind of corn and who gave promise of raising even better certainly deserved a chance. Yes, a six-months' extension could safely be arranged; however, that period was the limit.

That summer Pfister watched over his precious corn with the feverish anxiety of a mother checking the health

chart of her seriously ailing child.

The corn grew tall, and its dark green color was good to behold. Into the rich mineral-laden soil the thirsty, hungry, fibrous roots dug their inquisitive way. The ears came out; and they, too, were good to behold. Large and full, they were burdened with deep-colored corn. If they matured, if they produced the crop that spelled success, then the fertile land and the ancestral home and all the other things that meant so much to a humble farmer and his family would not be lost.

Another harvest. Indian summer had spread its faintly-blue veil over the Corn Belt. With trepidation, Pfister began husking his corn. When the last ear had thumped against the bang board of the wagon, and the last bushel had been weighed and tabulated, the ridiculed "scientist in overalls" had his hour of triumph. He knew that his troubles were over, that his "crazy" notion to come to grips with an untried idea had culminated in victory; for that fall he harvested 225 bushels of the finest corn ever seen in his section

of the country: corn that was worth \$10 a bushel.

Pfister was too much of a gentleman to taunt the critics who only yesterday had laughed at him. He appreciated their words of praise when they gaped in wonder at his prize-winning hybrids, and to a few he kindly gave a bushel or more. As news of the bigger, heavier and fuller corn spread with the swiftness of a prairie fire, farmers with large land holdings suggested that they be permitted to raise seed for him, on a 10% royalty basis. Orders began trickling in, then poured in like inundating waves. The future was assured.

Today, Pfister's name means something wherever corn is discussed, for it is generally conceded that he has revolutionized the science of producing the Indian's contribution to the white man. Millions of dollars have been added to the incomes of hundreds of thousands of farmers.

"A corn breeder, like an inventor," says Lester, "is a fool who doesn't know that a thing cannot be done, and therefore goes ahead and does it."



### *Definitions*

*Politician:* One who stands for what he thinks the voters will fall for.

*Petition:* A list of persons who did not have the backbone to say "No."

*Taxation:* The art of so picking the goose as to secure the greatest amount of feathers with the least amount of squawking.

Told by Former-Governor John Garland Pollard of Virginia.

# Builders Three, My Boys and Me

By HAL BORLAND

Home with foundations

Condensed from *Better Homes & Gardens*\*

**The boys** were for it, and that made it unanimous. We were going to build in the woods. Not a camp or a summer place, but a home to live in full-time for a good many years, a big permanent house.

We wanted a country place within commuting distance of the daily job, and we wanted room both inside and out for boys to grow, work and play. We had lingered over and dismissed several renovation prospects, and finally we had found two acres of woodland that offered almost everything we asked of a site. That left only the house problem.

What we really wanted was a \$20,000 house, which was financially out of our reach. But we went ahead and planned it: ten rooms, three baths, a double garage, masonry construction, insulated and fireproofed. When we summed up, we could do one of two things with the money available: put up the walls and roof of the house we planned and rough-finish the lower floor, or build and completely finish a house about half that size. We decided on the first alternative, the family voting unanimously.

Then we worked out details. Those details were based on our particular family, which includes Bill, 15, Don,

going on 13, Neil, the baby, and dad and mother. All the menfolk knew a hammer from a humming bird. Dad, it happened, had been the boy in a homesteading family in Colorado and had helped build houses and barns and barbed wire fences. Since this was to be a family house, family labor was going to go into it. That was the heart of the plan.

It was only a logical extension of this particular family's philosophy. Our boys, to the amazement of some parents, enjoy having a part in family projects. Their parents deserve a little credit on that score because they have the quaint idea that neither movies nor radio serials are the most important things in life. They actually enjoy the company of their offspring. And they have the notion that a boy should know how to use his hands as well as his head. Some of these ideas have infected the boys, though they still have to be reminded to wash their ears, occasionally talk out of turn, and now and then bring home distressing school reports.

The house, then, was to be a family project. The builder was to put up the foundation, walls and roof; install wiring and plumbing; stud the upstairs partitions; and finish the lower floor

\*Meredith Bldg., 1714 Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa. November, 1940.

except for trim and paint. The proprietors were to do the rest, when and as they felt like it.

The first task was staking out the house and clearing the site. Twenty-six trees had to come out before the foundations could go in, and some were oaks a foot through. You don't remove trees of that kind without learning something about ax work and stumps. And when you lay out grades and levels with a steel tape, a plumb bob, and a carpenter's level you learn something about primitive surveying. The boys know why the house stands square with the world and the polestar.

By the time the foundations were in, we all had a definite stake in this house. We'd sweated over it from the start; we'd begun to send down roots into the soil from which we'd wrenched out the roots of the oaks, maples and birches.

Up went the walls, and there were excavating and filling to be done, soil and rocks to be moved from the uphill side, a terrace to be built across the downhill front. Nobody can tell this family much about the geology of its hillside.

Excavation and filling take time. They weren't finished before the walls and roof were up, but what filling was in was packed by many feet in a way that not even pneumatic tamping could achieve. Those terraces will never cave in. Time was taken out in September to clear and spade garden space for

mother's bulbs and other perennials, which had to go in then because we would be moved before another spring. A man with a team and plow could have done a swifter job, but he might have barked choice tulip and sour-gum trees. After wrestling sandstone, that garden seemed a minor job, anyway.

The house took shape. The big stone chimney was up and the two fireplaces roughed in: the workmen needed heat inside. But these weren't conventional fireplaces; they were individually designed by the proprietor, a corner type that needs a large metal hood. They work with an efficiency which quite confounds the critics and vastly inflates the designer's ego.

When the builders had finished their job, the proprietors stepped in in earnest. The studding marked out four upstairs rooms, two of which were the boys' personal provinces. They had a hand in designing them and they had their own ideas about finishing them.

Flooring came first. Edge-grain yellow pine isn't the easiest flooring to lay, but they did it according to specifications, with felt under it and a cut nail in each beam, toenailed and properly set.

Don is a southpaw, and it's surprising how many places in a room call for a left-handed approach. For once, he had found something he could do better than Bill. That's good for any younger brother's soul.

Partitions came next, partitions of

half-inch insulation board, carefully fitted, properly nailed. Each boy did his own room, except when four hands were needed. Door casings were built, set in place, plumbed and anchored. Doors were hung. Ceilings waited until summer vacation; the bulk of this work had been going on over weekends and other free days. When ceilings went in, they were insulated with rock-wool batts.

Painting followed, tedious painting which calls for infinite patience and generates many aches. But by the time the prime coat was on the woodwork, a good deal of the mystery of technique had vanished; and the second coat looked almost professional. The second-floor bathrooms were finished in plywood instead of tile, casein-glued plywood with the joints set in white lead. This got a good sanding and a natural finish with turpentine and boiled linseed oil, which proved to be steamproof and waterproof.

There was carpentry in cabinets and bookcases, and there were workbenches to be built for the woodshop in the garage. Steps and flagging had to be laid outdoors, a driveway built, more clearing done for gardens. The work was done in the order of need.

The project probably won't be finished for years to come; and that's a part of the fun, the continuing interest. Sometimes the plan is changed as we go along.

What's happening here is that we're

building a home peculiarly suited to our own needs and desires, a place where the whole family can enjoy itself. It has our needs written all over it, and our fingerprints deep in its structure.

It would be taking things much too seriously even to suggest that we consciously set out to give the boys a constructive job or to teach them some profound lesson in living. We've never made a ritual of living nor gone in for formalized training. The "be-a-pal-to-your-son" campaign leaves us cold. That slogan echoes of the orphanage. It's a lot more satisfactory to have boys who ask you to go swimming with them down in the pond, and still have the good sense to admire your diving form, and the courage to laugh at your crawl stroke. That shows a proper sense of proportion.

At the base of any education, so we like to feel, there must be self-reliance, cooperation, the capacity for work, contact with growing things, and a healthy curiosity about the world. And, one must surely add, respect for the rights of others.

Ours has always been a family life, with the guidance and forbearance of a wife and mother who understands boys, large and small, all too well. When we plan trips, they are family trips, for the boys like to travel, and learn much from traveling. When we plan parties, they are family parties. We all have family obligations, and

we try to live up to them. In return, we all have family privileges, and we all insist on them. Mother runs the house, but the boys' rooms are their own kingdoms. Mother's sewing room is not masculine territory. Dad's study has a lock on the door, and if he wants to growl at the world he can go there and do it in peace. Elsewhere in this house, we insist on the amenities.

Somehow this home evolved from such a family philosophy. Nobody has been ordered or bribed to do a job. Some jobs have never been done as

they probably should have been. Some have had to be done over. But none of us has thought of this as a job; it's simply something we have been doing, all of us, for ourselves. In doing it, the boys have learned how to use their hands, how to plan their work, how to use their time. They've probably learned a good many other things, but they'll have to enter their own testimony on that in the years to come. Right now the important point seems to be that they've planted roots in a place they like to call "our home."



### Flights of Fancy

As unsafe as a neutral.—*The Sign*.

It was slightly colossal.—*James P. Lyons*.

He lived and lied devotedly.—*James P. Lyons*.

Sweet as an angel half full of pie.—*Mark Twain*.

A woman wearing an apoplectic hat.—*Grace Lutz*.

That little streamlined redhead.—*Erie Daily Times*.

A stone fortress, teed up on a little hill.—*Hugh Gibson*.

Her mother's letters gradually dried their tears.—*Jack Leonard*.

[Readers are invited to submit figures of speech and other well-turned phrases similar to those above. We will pay upon publication \$1 to the first contributor of each one used. Contributions cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Editor.]

Chapel bells tumbling in graceful Spanish towers.—*James J. Galvin*.

Nothing is harder than a well-preserved blond.—*Louis Bromfield*.

He behaved like a ray of sunlight crossed with a Boy Scout.—*Margery Sharpe*.

He moved like a vested statue carried in a religious procession.—*Evelyn Waugh*.

Set your teeth into living; don't just gnaw around the edges.—*William Merriam Rouse*.

There is no such thing as bad weather; there are only good clothes.—*Elizabeth Woodbridge*.

# The Literary, but Bloody, Revolution

By JACK KEARNS

Condensed from the *Grail*\*

Horseplay with Pegasus

Things can't go on like this much longer. The *status* can't possibly stay *quo*. After all, there *is* a limit. The public will endure just so much. But the poets have only themselves to blame. They pay no heed to the ominous omens; yet their *Mene, Tekel* is as clear as if it were flashing on the Times Building. Can't they see that they've tortured us long enough? Do they fondly imagine that editors sprinkle their pages with poems just to fill in empty spots? Don't they realize how avidly the readers scramble to feed their hungry souls with these delicious morsels of versified affliction? And what's the result? Sorrow and all its synonyms: grief, woe, affliction, tribulation. Also jimmams, melancholy, remorse, despair. We're sad from habit.

No, this can't keep up; something cataclysmic is in the immediate offing. It will come like a New England hurricane and no wooer of the Muses will be spared. It will mean the total extirpation of the whole brood. You know how mob psychology is, no shilly-shallying. Just action, but lots of that!

Not so long ago, the idea got around that to be tops in the poetry profession one had to spread more tear gas than a riot squad. It was the Age of Melan-

cholia. So many tears were shed that only the top of Parnassus emerged in the deluge. Anyone astride Pegasus needed a raincoat and an umbrella. Poets sprinkle us with ashes; they pour bitters into our water coolers; they lay bare before our agonized eyes the devastating sorrows of the ages. And so the *Weltschmerz* percolates into every home.

But the reaction is coming. The revulsion will be a fierce optimism, a lethal joy bringing swift destruction to poets of every degree. It will be a wholesale slaughter. Even innocent victims will be consigned to Abraham's bosom.

Maybe you've been so busy thinking about your income tax report you haven't noticed. Well, just walk into the periodical room of a library. You'll see what I mean. Sobs, sighs, convulsive gasps, paroxysms of anguish rend the austere silence. There, hunched over the magazines, throngs of greedy readers are giving full rein to Niobism. Glance over a shoulder, if you want proof. Is it prose they are reading? Could any prose wring such agony from the human heart? Ah, no, it's only where those neat little stanzas appear that the pages are spattered with tears. Such innocent-looking lyrics.

\*St. Meinrad, Ind. November, 1940.

But what a punch they pack—to the *dolor plexus!* Read one yourself; before you get half-way, a mist will swim before your eyes, your nose will function.

Let's tiptoe behind the lovely young lady whose tears have so spoiled her make-up that she looks like Ophelia after they pulled her out of the pond. What is the heart-bleeding ditty that has so touched her? Oh, there it is, *Tout Lasse, Tout Casse, Tout Passe.* No wonder she has broken down completely.

In a narrow cell  
Of the mind  
Our spirits dwell,  
Confined.

We cannot burst  
The bars,  
Though we burn with thirst  
For the stars.

We are somber-eyed,  
Tired folk;  
We are muffled and hide  
In a cloak.

We have wept for the faults  
We have wrought:  
We have rifled the vaults  
Of thought.

We are pallid and pale  
And thin:  
We are locked in a jail—  
Within!

Doesn't that make you want to join the conscience-stricken multitudes? But for empyreal poignancy, for whimsey in a tragic setting, what could be more intriguing than this quatrain, *Catastrophe*, which has almost broken little Lulu's heart?

A brave little mouse popped out of its hole

And scurried right up to the nose  
of a cat.

The mother mouse sighed: "Now bless  
my soul,

It's too late to warn him not to do  
that!"

Wonder what has that taxi driver  
over there sniffling so audibly. Ah, he's  
allergic to *Train Ride in March!*

Spring has not come to the country as  
yet:

Fields are still brown, and the woods  
are still black;

Highlands are drying, but meadows  
are wet;

Roads offer only a fierce muddy  
track.

Cities are dull, and the towns, woe-  
begone;

Homesteads and barns look so weary  
and tired.

Look from the window with Master  
Cezanne—

See a drab picture he would have  
admired!

Come on—let's get out of here before it gets us, too. You've seen enough to realize how far things have gone. Here's my handkerchief, pal.

It's terrifying to think of what lies before us. I can almost read the headlines in the papers and the editorials sanctioning poeticide. Can't you see the mob, uproariously happy, swirling and pouncing upon that stately poetess, Erma St. Peter de Lay? Can't you see her, another Marie Antoinette, intrepidly awaiting execution at the hands of those who for years had wept with her? Only time will tattle. But we can be sure her end will be dramatic and unresigned. And her fate is just a sample of what the poets can expect. Maybe a few will escape to places like the Village, but poetaphobia will be so widespread that even Anonymous will be hung in effigy.

Historians of literature will have no trouble classifying the years following the house cleaning. Very unqualifiedly: *The Prose Period*. Perhaps no amendment to the Constitution will be proposed in Congress and quickly ratified, whereby the writing of any kind of jingle will be absolutely proscribed and the reading of any aforesaid rhyme legally accounted high treason. After all, we usually add amendments only when we can't make up our minds.

Eventually, after many years have run their prosaic course, the hatred of

the Muses will subside. But it will be a long time before Apollo and his lady friends dare show up in public. Finally, however, timid little rhymesters will make bold to pipe their roundelay, cheerful enough, aiming to please, wistfully hoping for a smile of forbearance.

Realizing that a prophet is always out of luck, I don't expect my timely warnings to check the headlong career of these purveyors of enticing sorrow. Poets are always hard to handle. Ever try to insert a comma in one of their lines? Ever suggest a better rhyme? Don't ever do it! They just don't like it. So what chance have I to stem the tide except to damn it? As if it will do any good! Still when they are being boiled in oil, poets won't be able to console their last moments with the thought that they weren't warned. Why, even Shakespeare dimly saw the inevitable:

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe  
Of dumps so dull and heavy!  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy:  
Then sigh not so, but let them go  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny!

But will they hearken to these solemn admonitions? Did Caesar stay away from the Senate? Do you obey the *No Smoking* signs? Well, then . . . .

\*  
What food these morsels be.

Restaurant sign in a small town in Texas.

# Isle of Battles

By ARTHUR P. HALL

Condensed from the *Cross*\*

This tiny island is a beautiful gem resting on the breast of an azure sea. For more than 3,000 years it has been an island of battles, for it occupies a strategically important position in the center of the Middle Sea. Here, set against a background of amazing natural beauty, can be found a most absorbing chapter of world history. The stage is a tiny one for such great events. Malta has a total area of little more than 90 square miles; its greatest length is less than 20 miles. Yet the island is extremely fertile and supports a population of almost 250,000.

The checkered history of the island dates back farther than the Eternal City, for it was colonized by the Phoenicians more than 800 years before Romulus first plowed on the Palatine Hill the boundaries of the city to which he gave his name. In the 16th century B.C. the Phoenicians, who have probably been the greatest traders in the world's history, used Malta as a trading base. In the 8th century B.C. it was annexed by the Greeks, in whose hands it remained until it was conquered by Carthage some 300 years later. During the 2nd Punic War, about 250 B.C., it fell into the hands of Rome and remained a part of that vast empire until the might of the Caesars, weakened by

self-gratification and undermined by pride, was broken on the anvil of the barbarian hordes.

It was during her subjection to Rome's imperial sway that Malta bowed her head to the dominion of an infinitely greater power, for it was in 58 A.D. that St. Paul, the most pugnacious of all Catholic missionaries, was wrecked in company with St. Luke in a northern bay of the island, ever since called St. Paul's Bay. During his brief stay of three months he converted every one of the inhabitants to the faith that shall abide forever.

In the 5th century, Malta was ravaged by the Goths and Vandals, but their stay proved to be the shortest of those of the island's conquerors, for in the year 533 A.D., Belisarius brought it once more under the sway of the Caesars, with the difference that this time it belonged to the Byzantine Empire, that is, the eastern half of the old Roman dominions, and the dominating city was then not Rome but Byzantium (Constantinople).

Shortly after this, a new power arose in the Orient, before which Europe was soon to tremble. But in that conflict Europe was to gain a new empire of the mind, for, indirectly through the Crusades and directly through the fall

\*Mount Argus, Dublin, S.W.7, Ireland. October, 1940.

of Constantinople, it led to the revival of learning. A fiery light soon appeared upon the eastern horizon, the crescent of a new faith, the most fanatical religion of man, for 622 A.D. was the year of the Hegira, or the flight of Mahomet to Medina. The rapid rise of this new power soon made itself felt in the feudal homes of Europe. Swiftly swooping through Palestine, Egypt and along the northern shores of the Dark Continent, the Moors, as the upholders of this new religion were known, were quickly hammering at the eastern and western gates of Europe. On the east the Byzantine Empire slowly crumbled, following the fate of its sister power, Rome, while on the west Spain was being assaulted and gradually penetrated.

Malta succumbed to the general attack in the 9th century, but happily for Europe, Count Roger of Sicily, a Norman noble, reconquered it in the following century. I say happily, for although the inhabitants had not yet seen the last in the long train of their successive masters, from that day until the end, Malta was to prove itself one of the strongest bulwarks in Europe's defense (I might say, Christianity's defense) in this life-and-death struggle with the hordes of the Saracen.

Having been acquired by Sicily, Malta passed, as the result of a royal marriage, to the House of Hohenstaufen, whose most illustrious son was Frederick Barbarossa. On the extinc-

tion of that family shortly after 1250 A.D., the contest for the island kingdom of Sicily ended with Peter of Aragon securing Malta. Thus it was as a dependency of Spain that it fell into the hands of Charles V who, in 1530, presented it to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and so achieved the reflected glory of an action most far-reaching in its results.

These knights, the last and bravest of the Orders of chivalry, have illuminated one of the most glorious pages in the history of the faith. Last to be driven from the Holy Land, they entrenched themselves on the island of Rhodes, from which they were finally expelled after one of the most tenacious struggles in history. Malta having been offered them as a new home, they immediately set about fortifying it. The contours of the island aided them somewhat, but they showed an ingenuity that is well-nigh incredible, even at the present day, in adapting their defenses to the natural ones. Their fortifications still stand as strongly as when first constructed, and the grim, gray dreadnaughts of the British fleet today cast anchor beneath the friendly protection of the ramparts of St. John.

Well was it that their centuries-old experience guided the knights, for their stubborn opposition had singled them out for the special attacks of the Turks. Shortly after taking possession of their island home, a terrible onslaught was let loose on those champions of Christ.

In 1565 A.D. thousands of fanatical fighters hurled themselves to death against the ramparts and, before the Turk had time to crawl away and lick his wounds, La Vallette and his fearless knights had made themselves immortal. It is in memory of this that the name of their heroic leader lives always in the name of the chief city, Valletta. An interesting, and perhaps ironic, proof of the fame of this siege is afforded by the fact that Elizabeth of England ordered special prayers of thanksgiving to be offered up in St. Paul's for this victory.

The knights, however, like true soldiers, did not hesitate to attack when opportunity offered. In October, 1571 A.D., they sailed to Lepanto, that last great naval engagement of oared galleys, and there participated in the complete rout of the Turkish fleet. At Lepanto, the united Christian fleet of some 300 Austrian, Genoese, Portuguese and Venetian vessels, under the leadership of Don John of Austria, fell in with the Turkish fleet, numbering also about 300, including 250 galleys, and before the sun had set on that sanguinary conflict, 99 Turkish vessels had been sunk and 178 captured, 30,000 to 33,000 Turks killed and wounded, 10,000 taken prisoners and 15,000 Christian slaves liberated at a total loss to the Christians of 7,000 men.\* From this crushing defeat the Turkish fleet has never recovered, and since then has ceased to count as a

fighting force of any great consequence.

As the years rolled by, intervals between sanguinary conflicts grew longer and the vital necessity for their existence faded. The sword edges of the knights lost their keenness and the Order that had produced such stalwart champions of Christendom lost its vitality and power. Thus, in 1798 the last grand master of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem surrendered the island almost without a blow to the all-conquering eagles of Napoleon Bonaparte, then on his way to his victorious campaign in Egypt. But the young Corsican, brilliant though he was, could not be in more than one place at a time, and so on his recall to France, his lieutenants lost both the land of the Pharaohs and Malta. In September, 1800, Malta was blockaded and successfully taken by the British who were aided by an opportune revolt of the Maltese from the yoke of the French. At the Treaty of Amiens signed on Lady Day, 1802, the restoration of Malta to the knights was promised. But many fine things, alas, have been promised in treaties; the knights never regained their island home. Retained by Britain, ostensibly on account of the aggression of France, it was finally ceded to her by the Treaty of Paris in 1814.

The British, however, did not enjoy an era of undisputed ownership, for shortly afterwards a popular party sprang into being and began to agitate

\*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, May, 1939, p. 40.

for self-government. After many years of varying success, this movement gained such ground that riots broke out in 1919, culminating in the granting of a home-rule constitution.

In normal times the island is under the administration of a governor, commander-in-chief and chief secretary. The Legislature consists of two houses: a Senate of 17 members, partly nominated and partly elected, and the Leg-

islative Assembly of 32 elected members. The Legislature has complete control of all internal affairs, with the exception of imperial interests such as the navy and army, coinage and immigration. Valletta is a naval arsenal and base of the Mediterranean fleet, and 8 million tons of shipping clear her harbor each year. The revenue and expenditure balance at roughly \$2½ million.



### The Days That Are Gone

An American, returning home some five or six years ago, told this tale of British hospitality. He was a week-end guest at a big country house, complete with parks, stables and prize cattle. On his first morning there, the maid brought him his hot water and asked him about his breakfast. "Tea, coffee or milk?" she queried. He selected tea.

"Very good, sir," said the maid, adding, "Ceylon, China or Assam?" The American chose Assam. "Milk, cream or lemon?" pursued the maid. "Milk," said the guest, thinking that at last the catechism was over. "Very good," said the maid again. "Jersey, Guernsey or Alderney?"

*The Catholic Fireside* (11 Oct. '40).



### Tale of a Tub

The first bathtub in the U. S. was installed by rich Adam Thompson, Cincinnati grain and cotton dealer. On Dec. 20, 1842, he had a party of men to dinner. All tried out the new invention. A story appeared in the newspapers the next day. Both doctors and politicians attacked Thompson good and plenty.

Ensuing discussions resulted in various measures to keep the bathtub from gaining public acceptance. The Common Council of Philadelphia considered an ordinance to prevent any such bathing during and between the months of November and March. The state of Virginia laid a tax of \$30 a year on all bathtubs. Boston forbade their use except on medical advice.

*The Victorian* (Nov. '40).

# The Supernatural Church

Sight and insight

By BRENDAN MAGINTY, O.P.

Condensed from *Blackfriars*\*

**Belief** in the holy Catholic Church is required on precisely the same terms and for the same reasons as belief in the other mysteries and dogmas of the faith, such as the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation. St. Matthew's Gospel (Chap. XVI, 13-19) provides a good analogy for focusing the mystery of the Church. Our Lord asks of His disciples concerning Himself, "Whom do men say that the Son of Man is?" The different answers given: John the Baptist, Elias, Jeremias, one of the prophets, implied agreement in one thing: that Jesus Christ is a religious man who seemingly comes from God. Those Jews who made these judgments were right in confessing the humanity of Christ; they were wrong in not distinguishing Him from other men. For them He was only a man, though worthy to be compared with the great religious figures of their history. But He was also truly God. It is the recognition of this profound truth by St. Peter that moves our Lord to His eulogy that ends with the prediction of St. Peter's position in the Church.

The point of immediate importance, however, is that Peter was enabled to make his stupendous confession of our Lord's divinity only because he had received a direct revelation from God.

It needed no more than common observation and human experience to recognize the fact of Christ's human greatness; but it needed a direct grace breaking in on St. Peter's mind for him to confess Christ's divinity. By faith Peter was able to grasp the fact that the One before him, man like himself, was truly God. The Jews saw only half the truth, but Peter grasped the whole truth.

To those among the disciples who believed in Him, the sacred humanity was something they could see and understand with their own unaided human powers. But His divinity of necessity escaped the grasp of human understanding. In other words, while the humanity of Christ was an object within the reach of the unaided human mind, His divinity was an object of divine faith alone, an object not of sight, but of belief.

If a question were asked today about the Church, like the one our Lord put to His disciples, it would provoke the same sort of answer. "What is the Catholic Church?" It is a society of men, a religious society, claiming to possess God's truth, to make its members holy and to lead them ultimately to heaven. The Catholic Church is one of the great religions of all time. Some

people would align the Catholic Church with other religious bodies. As a visible society, it is the most perfect of the Christian bodies. It has some 350 million members, all subject to the same religious authority, with a common religious life, the same faith, the same sacraments. In short, the Church is judged by its externals as a human society, a religious human society, and without a doubt the most perfectly organized among the many others. As far as it goes, this is true, and all who run may read. But it is only a partial truth. The Church is also something that must necessarily escape any merely human or rational judgment. For the Church is essentially supernatural, an object that can be grasped in its full reality only by divine faith, through such a revelation as was made to St. Peter. Like our Lord Himself, His Church is at once human and divine, the human element easily discernible to rational inquiry, the divine element revealed only to the eyes of faith.

Such a supernatural mystery remains beyond the complete grasp of the human mind so long as man is denied the full vision of God in heaven. Yet revelation itself suggests analogies taken from the human sphere which allow the mind to penetrate more deeply into the meaning of any mystery. Our Lord speaks of Himself as the vine and His disciples as the branches, living with the life of the trunk, living only insofar as united to Him. St. Paul

has a similar metaphor, that of the head and the members of the body. The vine illustrates the need for union with Christ if one is to live, and the complete dependence of the Christian upon Him. A later theology has adopted the Pauline metaphor and called the Church the mystical Body of Christ.

By faith we know that Baptism, visible to the human eye, works an invisible, supernatural effect upon the soul of the recipient. He is "reborn" into the new life of grace and made "a partaker of the divine nature," an adopted son of God. He is put into intimate contact with the grace and merits of Christ, "incorporated" into Christ, thereafter to grow up to perfect spiritual stature through the pervading power of His grace. He becomes a member of the new race of ransomed men with rights and duties towards his fellow Christians analogous to those obtaining in the natural community of mankind, but of an infinitely higher order. The Church is the society of all baptized men, whose Head is our Lord, for He infuses the life of grace, and shepherds it through the perils of this life to present it immaculate to the Father.

The Church, the object of human experience, and the Church, the object of divine faith, are one thing. Human and divine are intimately associated and the one may not be divorced from the other. Nor, indeed, can a man be incorporated into Christ save by in-

corporation into the body of the Church. Though it is Christ who justifies, teaches and rules, yet He works through ministers whom He has appointed and empowered. It is He who confers grace on the soul, but through the sacraments committed to His priests. It is He who teaches, yet He created the apostolate to take His word to the ends of the earth. It is He who rules, yet through a human authority He has set up. "Going therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

There is no contradiction between the influence that Christ exercises on the soul and the action of His ministers. Paul plants, and Apollo waters, but God makes the seed to grow. Whether they dispense the sacraments, teach the word of God, or shepherd the flock, pope, bishops and priests are conscious, free and living instruments, in the hands of our Lord. It has always been a characteristic of God's dealings with the human race to act through human intermediaries. The Incarnation is only the supreme example of such a providential disposition. Yet in this cooperation between God and His creature the divine activity is present throughout, and reaches to the very last and the very least detail, and it is God who gives the creature the power to act. The work of sanctification and all that this entails is fully the work of

Christ, though at a lower level it is also the work of His ministers here on earth.

Nor is God's activity limited by the particular laws of any providential institution. He can and does act above and outside the laws of His ordinary providence. Though the visible Church is the normal means of salvation in the world, Christ's power is not limited by it. He who alone is intimately present to the soul supplements the activity of the Church by special graces, inspirations and illuminations according to the needs of the individual Christian. He may even act independently of the Church to bring about the conversion of a man whom the Gospel teaching does not reach.

What appears externally to the mind and senses is understood as the outward sign of the more inward reality. The hierarchy is the prolongation in the sacramental order of Christ Himself, and the Church as a whole is the material in which the image of Christ is progressively formed. The gathering together of the faithful round the altar, the liturgical prayer, the public reception of the sacraments, the common profession of faith, the obedience paid to the one infallible authority are so many outward signs of an interior union of the faithful with Christ and with one another. They are visible manifestations of a common supernatural life hid with Christ in God.

# Discoverers of America

Condensed from the NCWC News Service\*

Who was first?

**A**mong the great explorers and trail blazers of all time are the discoverers of America: Christopher Columbus, Leif Ericsson, and the nameless early Irish navigators and missionaries, possibly among them St. Brendan.

It would be a mistake to imagine that Columbus set out on his great voyage of discovery without the best scientific preparation that could then be made. Columbus undoubtedly knew well that there was land to the west, for he was acquainted with accounts of the voyages of discovery carried on long before his time by the Irish and the Norse.

There are stories of the discovery of America by Irish navigators and missionaries as far back as the 6th century of the Christian era. These stories are woven about the figure of St. Brendan, one of the most notable of the early Irish missionaries. St. Brendan was born in 484 and is said to have sailed westward in a large wooden boat, with some 60 companions, and to have made an important discovery of new land beyond the setting sun.

Whether in this voyage "in quest of the land of promise" St. Brendan actually reached America cannot be verified, but it is a fact that he lived at a time when Ireland, in the first glow of its conversion to Christianity, sent forth

its earliest messengers of the faith to the continent of Europe and to the regions of the sea. It is certain that Irish navigators and missionaries visited Iceland and other islands in the Atlantic, such as the Azores, the Madeiras and the Canaries, and early Irish maps show the mysterious "Island of Brazil," portraying fairly accurately the land which surrounds the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Some years ago, William H. Babcock, summing up for the National Geographic Society the evidence bearing on the discovery of America by Irish navigators and missionaries, concluded as follows: "From the evidence at hand it seems likely that Newfoundland and the neighboring shores were visited very early by Irish-speaking people, who gave it the commendatory name of *Brazil*." It is thought that *Brazil* might have been derived from two Norse words meaning "beautiful spot" or from a common old Irish family name.

According to Thor Thors, Icelandic commissioner to the New York World's Fair, the Irish crossed the Atlantic sometime before the year 796 A.D., 700 years before Columbus and 200 years before Leif Ericsson. Mr. Thors writes as follows of the Irish claim: "The Irish had discovered Iceland and were

\*1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C. Oct. 19, 1940.

living there before 795 A. D. This is the first known crossing of the Atlantic, for one traverses a wide sea for several days out of sight of land in order to reach Iceland. But on a clear day one can see from Iceland to Greenland and from Greenland to the lands beyond. The Irish, therefore, were the discoverers of the New World, for they discovered the land beyond the Atlantic. The authority for this is *De Mensura Orbis Terrae*, written in 825 A.D., by Dicuil, an Irish monk living in France. No scholars dispute the accuracy of Dicuil's account."

It was about 50 years after the first known settlement of the Irish in Iceland that the Scandinavians began to visit the island. In 930 the first Icelandic national parliament was established, making it the oldest continuous parliament in existence.

Leif Ericsson, a native Icelander who was converted to Christianity by St. Olaf, Norway's missionary king, accidentally landed on the shores of Labrador in the year 1000 when, on a voyage from Norway to Greenland

with two missionaries from King Olaf, bad weather caused him to miss his destination and sail on to the mainland of North America.

Mr. Thors observes that Leif Ericsson, recognizing that he was in a new country, hurried back to Greenland before the parliament was dissolved and induced that body to vote that the country he had discovered should become Christian. "There had always been a good deal of Christianity in Iceland," Mr. Thors remarks, "for the Irish even as far back as Dicuil's time were Christian. A few of the Norse had also been converted to Christianity. In the same year that Ericsson touched Labrador the Icelandic parliament also voted to adopt Christianity."

For centuries, Iceland, Greenland and the North American mainland engaged in three-way trading, the last recorded voyage from Greenland to the continent occurring in 1347, nearly 150 years before Columbus set out on the epoch-making voyage that gives him today the honored title of discoverer of America.



About 100 fragments of land, called reservations, are all that the Indians now own of the country which was once theirs. On these reservations in 20 states there are some 330,000 Indians. Herded as they are in these remote corners, they are not quietly passing away but are increasing in numbers. Some 200 priests and nearly 450 Sisters and Brothers are devoting themselves to the Indians of the States and Alaska, of whom 100,000 are Catholics.

# Spain

Condensed from the *Rock*\*

Review of evil report

The case of Spain at present is of extreme importance, for if Spain is thrown into the arms of the Axis powers then the responsibility for it must rest very largely with the Fifth Column in England and the U. S.: the real Fifth Column, the one that advances with "eyes left." The policy of the British government towards Spain since the beginning of the present European war has been, in the words of the foreign minister, Lord Halifax, "to maintain and develop the friendly relations at present existing between the two countries." But the Leftist element, bold in its immunity from interference, whatever it may say or do, will have none of this. Its spokesmen have consistently done everything that could be done to insult a power that showed itself genuinely anxious to preserve whatever little is left of peace in Europe. The matter is serious because in the conduct of foreign relations public opinion is being allowed to dictate policy to a degree that is capable of producing alarming consequences.

Unfortunately, the public of one country is the worst possible judge of the public of another. Not even the most enthusiastic Englishman will pretend that his people can understand foreigners. Therefore it has been the

custom of English governments in the past to entrust the management of their foreign affairs to men whose qualifications included knowledge of foreign people, and whose dealings with them would be guided by that knowledge rather than by the clamor of the public in their own country. That tradition is passing. The present tendency is to conduct foreign affairs in full view of the public, and that means, of a public that is the victim of strong pressure put upon it by the popular press. It is largely because of this that wars can no longer be localized. Spain still is a test case, a pointer as to the direction of policy which the Allies hope to follow in post-war Europe.

There have always been two trends in public opinion in England, as indeed, in varying proportion, there are in every country. One is violent and unreflecting, while the other is sober and judicial and strongly on the side of justice. The first is akin to the product of that noisy enthusiasm which is ready to break out at any moment, the brass-band, flag-waving, cheers-for-ourselves spirit that is by no means as exclusively the possession of warm-blooded southern peoples as is commonly supposed. The second is undemonstrative, slow to move, but

\*P. O. Box 28, Hong Kong, China. October, 1940.

resolute and generous and dependable. The second is obviously the surest, but the first is the more easily stirred.

It will be remembered that during the Civil War in Spain an overwhelmingly one-sided account of events was presented to the people. The popular rising against a junta that had instigated a reign of terror and was carrying on a campaign of murder and destruction was represented as a "fascist" revolution against "democracy." The assassination in cold blood of literally tens of thousands of persons was glossed over as negligible; frequent cases of revolting cruelty, authenticated as fully as any contemporary events can possibly be, were passed over as atrocity stories; and those who committed all these brutalities were hailed as "loyalists" and supporters of the cause of "democracy." While the victory of General Franco was more completely a victory of the people than any gained in a European war in the past century, the public was told that it was won entirely by Germans and Italians who were going to occupy the country after the war and use it to exercise a stranglehold on the rest of Europe. The people had no chance to know the truth while the war was in progress; public opinion was corrupted, the very phraseology used about the war was tendentious, and so the war ended with the public convinced that it was a victory for reaction and that Spain would henceforth be a

menace to both England and France.

When peace came to Spain none of the dire consequences so confidently predicted came to pass. The German and Italian legionaries left the country within two weeks of the victory march, and General Franco had no hesitation in declaring openly that Spain was for the Spaniards and for no one else. The fever of excitement engendered by war passed, and people had a chance of looking at things more judicially. The Guernica legend was examined by the *London Times*, after four distinguished British officers, including an experienced airman of acknowledged competence and integrity, had carefully studied the evidence, and pronounced the story false. Other legends were started: of terrifying reprisals, of vast numbers (millions it was actually said) being dragged before summary tribunals and executed out of hand. These, too, were soberly considered, and evidence was produced in the House of Commons to show what trials for crimes committed during the war were actually held: 1,566 were brought to trial at Santander and 42 were executed.

Observers went from foreign lands to Spain. They saw that there was no terroristic government in power; there was no domination, military, political nor industrial, by any foreign power; there was no air of oppression. There breathed through the land the spirit of Lincoln: "With malice towards none,

with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we have begun." There was, naturally, gratitude towards the countries that helped Spain to rid itself of a threat to its social order and to its freedom of religion, but there was no recrimination against those who had stood aloof, or had secretly aided its enemies, and no sign of hostility towards either England or France. Honest observers who went to Spain and returned to England said, "We were wrong; Spain has solved its own internal problems; it has set up a government that is just and efficient; it is our duty to let it alone and to give it our friendship." This was their verdict. The verdict was expressed by representative men and in the responsible organs of public opinion, but it was not the view brought to the public by the popular press.

Undeterred by the fact that the end of the Spanish War and the internal development that followed it were sufficient to prove to these papers that they had been misled by information from biased sources, the papers show a readiness to seize on anything that can be construed as unfavorable to Spain

and give prominence to any report that can be used to put its government in an unfavorable light. When some months ago the left-wing journalist Del Vayo, who became foreign minister under the Red government in Spain, wrote a book on the Civil War, it was hailed as the authentic record of the war, in spite of the fact that no public man in Europe has a record for veracity so low as Del Vayo, and in spite of the fact, too, that the book repeats forecasts of foreign occupation in Spain after the war that are completely falsified by facts and are clearly reprinted for the benefit only of those who prefer prejudices to facts. The most patient and the most friendly nation in the world would be goaded into angry hostility by press treatment such as this.

Spain remains a test case. By anyone's attitude towards its recent history one can judge his attitude towards the violence of the extreme Left and towards freedom of religion, and it will be extremely unfortunate if by the maddening pinpricks and most shortsighted unfriendliness of those who welcome violence and deny freedom of religion, this country that might have been a friend is turned into an enemy.

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M. Paul Claudel, French poet and ambassador, was once reported to be ill. Happily, the report was false; but a sympathetic if not overtactful friend wired: "Distressed to learn you are dying. Kindly remember me when you reach heaven." Claudel wired back, "Thanks for suggestion. Will make knot in my shroud."

Francis Davitt in the [Melbourne] *Advocate* (26 Sept. '40).

# Jesuit Quatercentenary

By JAMES R. KEANE, O.S.M.

Condensed from *Novena Notes*\*

In 1540 the Society of Jesus was officially approved by Pope Paul III. The Jesuits are the fast-moving mechanized division of the Church. Their rule requires the highest possible perfection, but forbids whatever might tie them down to any single place, activity, or manner of life. They go where the need is greatest, do what is most urgent and most neglected. They are governed by an elected general residing in Rome. There are 50 provinces. Total membership is 25,954 (of whom 5,440 are in the U. S.): 11,874 priests, 5,233 lay brothers, and 8,847 scholastics. The society has produced 24 saints, 141 blessed, and 168 saintly men, the process of whose canonization has been begun. Its martyrs number 640. At Rome, the Jesuits conduct the Gregorian University, celebrated among all theological seminaries, with 2,337 students from every country in the world. In 1937, schools under Jesuit control enrolled 204,506 students with 11,698 professors. In the U. S. are 24 colleges and universities (enrollment 45,021) and 34 high schools (enrollment 15,555). Their schools offer courses for businessmen, dentists, engineers, candidates for positions in the foreign service, journalists, lawyers, physicians, musicians, nurses, pharmacists, and

social workers. The Jesuits edit 1,112 magazines. Well known in the U. S. are *America*, *Thought*, the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, and the recently established *Theological Studies*. Every province of the society is required to maintain at least one foreign mission. On the missions at present are 3,785 Jesuits, almost 15% of the total membership.

Some Jesuit achievements are as follows:

1. The Jesuit college in Quebec antedates Harvard.
2. The Jesuits established in 1643 the Bollandists, who since that time have studied Church history, a new writer being appointed whenever an old one wears out or dies.
3. Philippine shipping depended for years on Jesuit warnings of coming typhoons.
4. The Jesuit Kircher invented the counting machine.
5. The Jesuit De Rhodes walked from China to Paris (a journey of three and a half years) to appeal for additional missionaries.
6. Jesuit missionaries wrote dictionaries and grammars for almost every language spoken by man.
7. The Jesuit Von Spee put an end to trials for witchcraft.

\*3121 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Nov. 8, 1940.

8. The Jesuit Bathe used visual methods long before Comenius, to whom the innovation is commonly attributed.
9. The Jesuit Secchi, world-famous astronomer, made the first spectroscopic picture of the heavens.
10. The Jesuits established the first government observatory in Europe.
11. The Jesuit Boscovich saved the dome of St. Peter's by placing iron bands around it.
12. The Jesuits were pioneers in flood control, the Jesuit Cabral having harnessed the Tagus and Velino rivers.
13. The French Jesuit De la Croix unearthed the ruins of an entire Roman colony at Sauxay.
14. The Jesuit Morcelli founded the science of archaeology.
15. Bancroft, non-Catholic historian, declares Jesuit schools the best in the world.
16. The Jesuits have never had a pope, their rule forbidding them to accept such dignities.
17. The U. S. government frequently called upon the Jesuit Peter de Smet to recall the Indians from the warpath.
18. The 855 Jesuits who fought in the French army and navy during the first World War received 1,056 medals of distinction.
19. The Jesuit Rodriguez wrote one of the three treatises on the spiritual life that have been specifically recommended by the Holy See.
20. John Carroll, the first American bishop, was a Jesuit.
21. The Jesuit Kino traveled over 20,000 miles when evangelizing the Far West of the U. S.
22. The Jesuit Hemmer founded the first meteorological society.
23. The Jesuit Paez discovered the sources of the Nile.
24. Modern geography is due largely to early Jesuit maps.
25. The Bourbon kings of France, Spain, and Portugal obtained the suppression of the Jesuits in 1773 because they defended individual rights against the tyranny of despots.
26. The Jesuit Andrada was the first European to enter Tibet.
27. The Jesuit settlements (reductions) in Paraguay were complete and highly civilized states with their own school systems, coinage, etc.
28. The Jesuit Schall reformed the Chinese calendar.
29. Jesuits played a leading part in the making of our own (the Gregorian) calendar.
30. The Jesuit Benoit invented the water clock.
31. The Jesuit Scheiner invented the pantograph.
32. Jesuit theologians led in the work of reform accomplished by the Council of Trent.
33. All Catholic medical schools in the U. S. are conducted by Jesuits.
34. American Jesuits were pioneers in the development of seismograph stations (stations for the study of earthquakes).

## Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Noyes, Alfred. *Pageant of Letters*. New York: Sheed. 356 pp. \$2.50.  
Essays on 18 English and American writers.

•

Ferrara, Orestes. *The Borgia Pope*. New York: Sheed. 440 pp. \$3.50.  
A new study of Alexander VI based on original documents in Italian  
archives.

•

Fitzpatrick, Edward A. *Conscription and America*. Milwaukee: Richards.  
150 pp. \$1.80.

A timely book giving a popular analysis of the factors involved in  
conscription. The author, president of Mount Mary College, Mil-  
waukee, was draft administrator in Wisconsin from 1917 to 1919.

•

Farnum, Mabel. *Street of the Half-Moon*. Milwaukee: Bruce. 241 pp. \$2.75.  
A solid, historical dramatic account of St. Peter Claver, "slave of  
the slaves," who worked among the Negroes in Cartagena.

•

Lord, Daniel A., S.J. *Our Lady in the Modern World*. St. Louis: Queen's  
Work. 391 pp. \$2.50.

Writing in his usual convincing style, Father Lord shows Mary's  
place among great women of history and her influence today.

•

Boyle, J. Leo. *A Pictorial History of Lourdes*. Philadelphia: Catholic In-  
formation League. 127 pp. 50c.

A biography of St. Bernadette is included in this history of Lourdes.

•

Magner, James A. *For God and Democracy*. New York: Macmillan. 158 pp.  
\$1.50.

Gives the proper Catholic attitude toward the state; shows how  
democracy can be preserved.

•

De Hueck, Catherine. *The Story of Friendship House*. 34 W. 135th St., N. Y.  
City. 32 pp. 25c (paper).

A tale of Catholic Action, begun among the poor in Canada, and  
transferred to Harlem, Negro community in New York City.

•

*Theatre for Tomorrow*. Edited by Emmet Lavery. New York: Longmans.  
397 pp. \$3.

Three social plays about (1) Damien's love of neighbor; (2) Savon-  
arola's love of God; (3) Campion's love of country.